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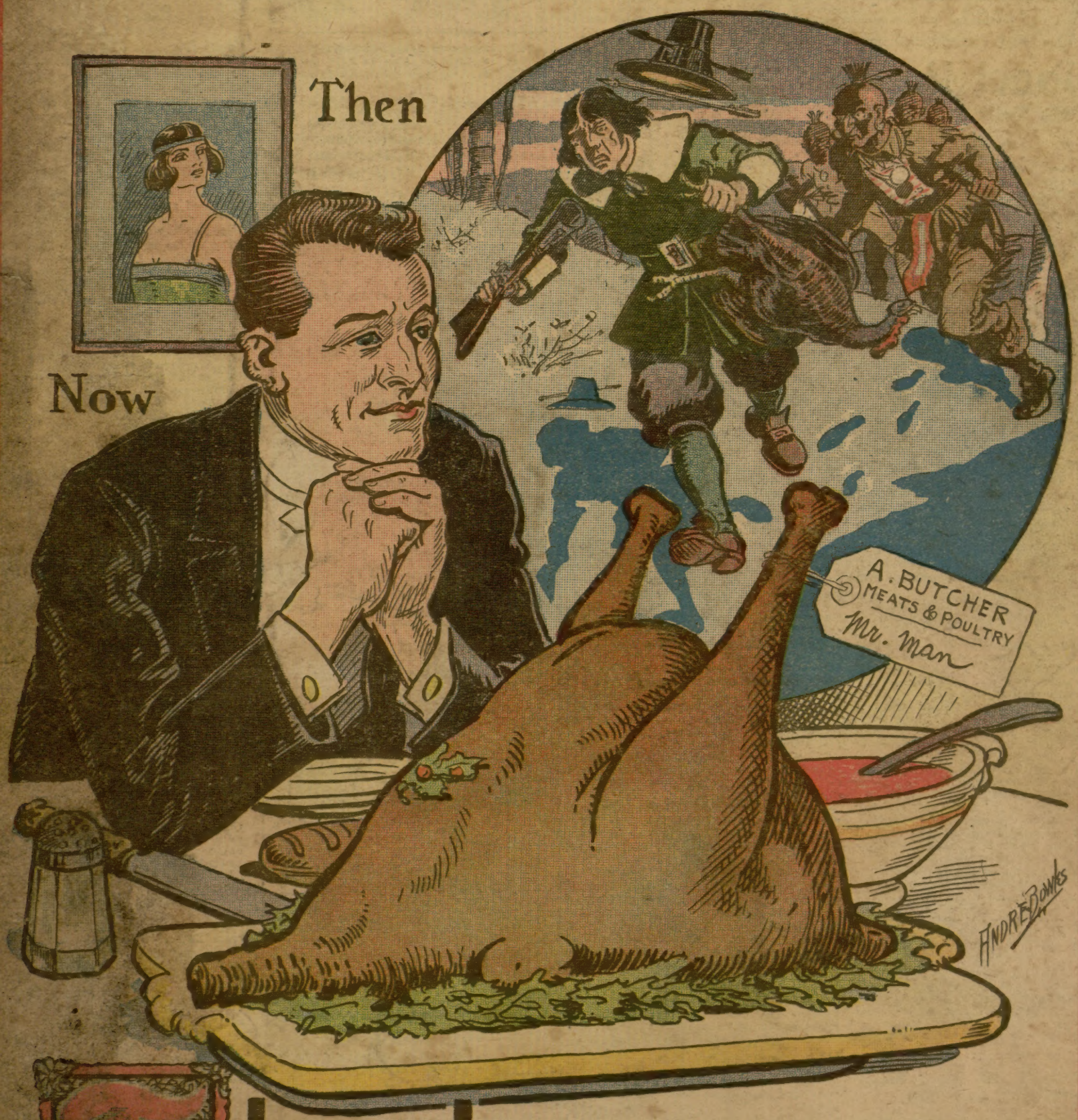

Thanksgiving

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Colonel Bunker Entertains

He Tells How Lightning Played a Part in One of His Duels.

"I AM GOING to tell you about a singular duel I had, in the old days," said Colonel Bunker, as he drained the last drop in his glass.

"I lived in Georgia then, but was over in Alabama on some legal business. I was stopping at a small hotel, and the office and barroom were together. One day, when I came in from court, I sat down in the office to read a legal paper. While I was there, three or four men came in for their nips, but I paid no attention to them.

"By and by, however, five men came in at once, and they were all roisterers and had been drinking pretty heavily. Their leader was a man named De Voe, and, while he was a gentleman, he was also a hard case. He had had fo' or five duels, and was aching for trouble. The five men walked directly to the bar, and De Voe exclaimed in a loud voice, and looking at me as he did so:

"'All the gentlemen in this room will come up to the bar and drink with me!'

"I paid no attention to what he said, but kept on with my reading, and it was so the second time he used the words. In the first place, I was not a teetotler, and never drank much in public, and never with strangers.

"In the second place, I did not like the looks of the men, and did not wish to mix up with them.

"So, then, I continued to read while they drank, and when they had finished, this De Voe came across the room and, standing over me, and looking pretty ugly, he said to me:

"Stranger, didn't you hear what I said?'

"'I think you asked me to take a drink,' I replied.

"'Yes, I did. I asked that all gentlemen take a drink with me, and you did not do it. Therefore, can I consider you as a gentleman?'

"'Other folks have,' I replied, looking him straight in the eye.

"'But I do not,' he went on. 'I shall consider you what I please.'

"'That is your privilege, suh.'

"He walked back to the bar, and consulted for a minute or two with his friends, and then he came back to me and said:

"'Suh, you have insulted me! I, therefore, challenge you to a duel! One of my friends here will act as my second.'

"I told him he was making a very serious matter out of nothing at all, but he was determined to force a quarrel upon me, and I therefore accepted his challenge.

"His second sat down beside me and got my name, and it was arranged that a duel would come off at sunrise, next morning. Here was a pretty mess. I was to be in court next morning before noon, and here I was booked for a duel and might be a dead man. However, there was no backing out.

"The news flew around the village like lightning, and that night I had about a hundred callers. I had named rapiers as the weapons and they said De Voe was one of the most skilful fencers in the land. Out of four duels, he had killed two men and badly wounded a third. I was not worried, but took the matter very calmly. They said that De Voe would kill me, if he could, but I doubted it very much.

"NEXT morning, when we reached the dueling ground, it was to find about two hundred spectators there before us. De Voe had issued a general invitation to the people of the town to come out there and see him use me up. He was quite sober now, and did not have quite so much confidence in himself. While the seconds were making ready, De Voe wanted to know if I wanted to apologize. I replied that I couldn't think of such a thing, and the affair went on. I was prepared for just what he did. We had no sooner crossed blades than he began to attack me with great ferocity, and thus he left open his guard. I got in a thrust at his arm, and the pain of it made him still more cautious, but still he would not mind the advice given him by his second.

"You see, when blood is drawn in a duel, the affair is supposed to be ended. This man De Voe had received a painful thrust but he called out that the duel should go on until one or the other of us was down. Therefore, I could do nothing but fight on. Even after I had disarmed him twice, he was just as determined. I had stood on the defensive until now, and now I changed my tactics.

"I did not want to kill the man, but I pressed him, and kept driving him back and back. I could have run him thru in short order, but I did not want to do this. I wanted to lay him up for a month or two and teach him a lesson.

"It was a sultry morning, and the weather was very hot. A thunderstorm appeared in the south, and there was a rumble of thunder, but we fought on just the same. Two or three times there were vivid flashes of lightning, but they passed on unheeded, except by the spectators, many of whom went their way to find shelter. As we rested a minute after a fierce bout, our seconds wanted the fight to stop, but De Voe answered them with:

"'I came out here to kill Bunker and I am going to do it.'

"In a backward movement, De Voe bumped up against a tree, and this somewhat confused him. I did not take advantage of this, as I might have done, but lowered my blade until he could get a better standing. He was ready to engage again, and there came a bolt of lightning and struck the tree. I saw the bolt and that is all I did see for the next five minutes. The seconds had come forward and we were all knocked down on the ground.

"I WAS the first to recover consciousness, and, before I could get to my feet, we were surrounded by doctors and spectators. The tree lay in splinters on the ground and there were three dead men around me. Yes, suh, the lightning had done for them. All were badly burned, while I was only shocked and knocked down. I got something, however, which lasted me for a couple of weeks. For a fortnight, after that duel, I felt that I was in a bed of nettles.

"Well, of co'se, the death of the three men ended the duel, but it did not end the talk about it. It was such a curious circumstance that it was in all the papers, and a good many ministers preached a sermon about it. They said it was the doings of the Lord, and that the lightning was sent as punishment to us, but no matter what I believe, I don't quite believe that. I did not bring on the duel myself, but was a guilty party and I ought to have been punished with the rest, hadn't I?

"Yes, suh, it was published in all the papers, and some of them roasted me pretty badly. The trouble did not end with the duel. This De Voe had three brothers and they fixed it to challenge me, one after the other. Fortunately for me, I was called to Florida about that time, and after about a year, the thing died down, and I had no more encounters for two or three years."

GIVES TWICE THE HEAT WITHOUT COAL OR WOOD

New Burner Burns Oil in Any Stove —Cheaper Than Coal or Wood.

A wonderful new burner which works in any coal or wood stove is the proud achievement of the International Heating Company, 4552 North Broadway, Dept. 178, St. Louis, Mo. This remarkably simple and inexpensive invention heats stove and oven in half the time and does away with all the dirt, ashes, and drudgery of using coal or wood. It gives one of the hottest and quickest fires known, controlled by a simple valve. It is absolutely safe and can be put into any stove in a few minutes. The recent big cut in the price of oil makes it a great money saver. The manufacturers offer to send this remarkable invention on 30 days trial to any reader of this paper. They are making a special low price offer to one user in each locality to whom they can refer new customers. They also want agents. Write them today.—Adv.

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

Two of a Kind.

"What are you doing, Marjorie?"

"I'se writing a letter to Lily Smif."

"But, darling, you don't know how to write."

"That's no diff'ence, mamma; Lily don't know how to read."

Wifey Wants to Know.

"My husband talks a good deal about a party named Ruth, frequently using the term 'Babe.'"

"Well?"

"When questioned he asserts that Ruth is a ball player."

"Again, well?"

"Is there a ball player named Ruth?"

"There is."

"Huh."

"Don't you believe me, madam?"

"Aw, you men all stick together."

Special Inducement.

"Is your boy making himself useful on the farm since he got out of college?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Cobbles, "but I've painted the tractor a bright red, put a big horn on it and hung a license tag at the rear, and I'm hoping that after a while I'll be able to persuade Sam to drive it occasionally instead of a sport car."

Governmentalal Efficiency.

"Are you on this investigating committee?"

"I think so."

"What are we investigating?"

"Dunno."

"Well, let's play poker until the chairman comes. Maybe he'll know."

"Bonehead Bill's" Bad Break.

Frightened Butler—Good 'eavin's, man, is that thing loaded?

Bill the Bum—Naw, she ain't, but I needs money fer some ammynition.

Acts on Expression.

"Do you think the judge will be hard on me?" asked an offender who was waiting for that tardy official to return to his bench.

"I don't know," said the court clerk. "He told me he was going to have some roast pork for lunch, and roast pork always disagrees with him."

Yes and No.

Harry—Sir, I would like to have permission to be away three days after the end of my vacation.

Boss—So, you want three more days of grace, eh?

Harry—No, sir, three more days of Blanche.

Outrageous.

"What will the scientists do next? I hear they are building a telescope which will make Mars appear to be only a mile away."

"Somebody ought to stop them. First thing you know there won't be any privacy in this universe at all."

Brain Teasers.

Double Acrostic.

185—Primals and finals spell the names of two well-known birds.

1. A dowdy person.
2. A tree.
3. Solitary.
4. A girl's name.
5. Small islands.
6. A country in Africa.
7. A sound of distress.
8. Manifest.

Enigma.

186—I am composed of eight letters; My 5-2-6 is a large crowd.
My 1-7-3-4-8 not at any time.
My whole brings winter in its wake.

Progressive Words.

187—The last letter of each word forms the first of the next. (Three-letter words).

1. A tree.
2. To spoil.
3. An animal.
4. A measure of weight.
5. At the present time.
6. To gain.
7. To scold continuously
8. A vehicle.
9. Happy.
10. A Japanese coin.

Diamond.

188—My first is in last.
My second produces honey.
My third does not stay.
My fourth is a girl's name.
My fifth is a vowel.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

181—Concealed Insects.

1. Ant. 2. Wasp. 3. Gnat. 4. Fly. 5. Spider. 6. Moth.

182—Three-letter Squares.

1.	2.
P—A—D	W—O—E
A—D—A	O—H—M
D—A—B	E—M—U

183—Progressive Words.

1. Mara. 2. Race. 3. Cede. 4. Deer. 5. Ergo. 6. Goat. 7. Atom 8. Omit. 9. Item. 10. Emma.

184—Changed Heads.

Door, Poor, Moor, Boor.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

A NEW OIL LAMP FREE

T. N. Johnson, 609 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., the inventor of a wonderful new oil lamp that burns 94% air and beats gas or electricity, is offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help introduce it. Write him for particulars. Agents wanted.—Adv.

STOP THAT GRAY HAIR

Give KOLOR-BAK, the wonderful scientific hair preparation, a trial at our risk. See what a marked improvement comes from just a few days' use. See how quickly it restores original color to gray hair, leaving no ugly streaks. Note how thoroughly it cleanses and invigorates the scalp—how quickly it stops itching and makes the scalp cool and comfortable. Guaranteed to remove dandruff in two applications. Stops falling hair. Stimulates hair growth—makes it soft and beautiful. Not a dye or stain but a clean, colorless and absolutely harmless preparation that leaves no stain. No greasy muss in applying. Thousands of people, including many prominent in society, actors and actresses, are enthusiastic in their praise of Kolor-Bak. Nothing else in the world like it. Your money back if not satisfied. Send for free book which explains how Kolor-Bak acts scientifically on hair follicles and stimulates into renewed activity the pigments which give to the hair its natural color. Write post card for this free book today. Hygienic Laboratories, 3334 W. 38th St., Dept. 11339, Chicago, Ill.—Adv.

The Recoil

By Alvah Milton Kerr

DOCTOR PAUL DUDSON drove his shining new super-six up to the gate of Judith Jayne's house with a flourish. He had reason for the exhibition, for Judith herself was descending the steps from the front porch, the yellow October sunshine strong upon her. She was fine-looking—even more than that, a very alluring focal point in a setting of bronzed vines and the dull ochres of the old brick house. The Doctor noticed particularly how svelte was her figure as she paused upon the lower porch-step, and how the sunlight shimmered in her hair.

As for the young woman, she arched a slim hand above her eyes and regarded the man and the new car with smiling interest. The Doctor—he was but little over 30—leaped to the ground, his dark eyes and big white teeth agleam with pleasure, his strong figure accentuated in bulk by new and swagger auto-clothes. Without question he was physically handsome, tho perhaps to a strict facial analyst his eyes would have seemed a shade too bold, and his firm jaw faintly too wide in the region of the ears. Clearly he was very human, having somehow the look of a strong iron safe, the door of which often stood slightly ajar, inviting investigation and confidence but ready to close upon any desired thing with an inexorable snap.

As a newly acquired junior partner Judith's father, now dead less than a year, had found Dudson both skilful and popular. To the people of Green Gap, this thriving railroad town lying among the broad earth-waves of the billowing Iowa prairie, he had seemed admirable, partly because of his impressive exterior and daring feats of surgery, but most for the reason that old Doctor Felix Jayne had selected him as his approved successor. That, too, had been an influence in his favor with Judith now wholly orphaned. But Judith Jayne was a bit temperamental and not by nature pliant—being distinctly an advanced American girl. Hence, Doctor Dudson's campaign of munificence.

As he stepped toward the gate, the young woman threw down a trowel, which she had purposed using in digging up plant-bulbs from the lawn, and went swiftly toward him. Her big, smiling eyes sought the glittering car rather than the man.

"Oh, where did you get it? Isn't it magnificent!" was her high-pitched, silvery cry.

"I had it shipped in from Chicago, special. You like it?" He opened the gate, and she stepped out beside the car.

"Surely! It is simply huge, and such an odd color! It's purple—no, it is heliotrope, isn't it?'

"Certainly." He looked at her with bold, smiling eyes. "Heliotrope goes nicely, you know, with pansy-eyes and chestnut hair."

The pink of her cheeks deepened. "Oh, pansy bosh!" she laughed. "And my hair is not chestnut; it is simply light brown. I hate flattery!"

"So do I, but I don't hate the truth. Your eyes are blue-black, and your hair is chestnut and you will look nice in the car. That is why I bought it. Only a beautiful thing will harmonize with a beautiful thing, you know." He drew off his gauntlets and extended his hand in salutation, laughing and bowing low.

She laughed rather harshly, pecked his open palm with the ends of her fingers and drew away. "Why should I shake hands with you? I saw you only last night!" she said.

He shrugged his shoulders and chuckled. "Possibly just to—please me. Come on, let's try the car out down Thorne Creek Road!"

She looked away with indecision. Should she encourage this man in the momentous thing which he was obviously preparing to say? Intuitively she knew that it was a day of decision, and she was mentally unprepared. Her reply would determine the course and quality of her whole life. That which impended rose suddenly before her, no longer shifting and nebulous, but concrete and enormous. It vaguely daunted her. Yet was not the glistening car before her a promising harbinger of the luxury and dignity of the state which her words might presently summon or dismiss?

"Thank you. All right; I'll get my hat and coat," she said, turning toward the house.

The Doctor watched her willowy figure until it was swallowed up in the shadows of the vine-covered porch. Below, in a broad valley, sprawled the larger part of Green Gap, with a long gridiron of railroad yards from which arose rumblings and the clumping crash of freight cars being thrown into coupling, and the sharp gaspings of switch-engines at work. Beyond the town low hills folded back to the sky in dwindling waves, soft and blue with autumn haze. But Doctor Dudson only vaguely saw the panorama before him. Whichever way he turned, the girl's voice and form, floating in his mind, seemed to float in the air. His eyes were oddly lustrous.

As they turned from the gate, crying good-by to Aunt Linda, the housekeeper, and swept away between the hills, the girl looked most at the golden world about her, but the man looked most at her.

In the life of every man and woman there arrives an hour, which, looked back upon later, stands out like a black or gleaming numeral in a long train of ciphers. To these two such an hour had come; all the remainder of their hours were to be colored by it.

Judith was elated, but apprehensive. The face of the earth was ruddy, smiling, sunlit; the soft swaying of the big auto was lulling; the future, like the road, seemed to sweep toward her alluringly, and yet a faint fear burrowed about the roots of her heart. In a sense, she wished that the big, virile creature beside her would utter that which was clearly spoken by his admiring eyes; and still, she feared her answer.

They were going toward Leafy Ledge, a lifted point looking down upon Cedar Meadows. There among the flaming oaks the declaration would be made. She evaded his eyes, talked fast, then fell silent.

"I suppose you have, as usual, been browsing in that big library your father left you?" he queried to arouse her.

"A little. I've been trying to read some of father's heavy books—for instance, Darwin's 'Descent of Man.' It should have been called the 'Ascent of Man.' The race may possibly have developed thru the ape tribe, but it didn't descend; it ascended." She tossed her head decisively.

THE Doctor smiled. "I'm not so sure about that, judging by some of the people in this region. But when I consider a rarely beautiful woman, like yourself, Darwin's theory becomes impossible and I throw it to the dogs."

"Oh, nonsense!" she laughed derisively, but her face reflected obvious pleasure. Then she fell sober and said rather wistfully: "I've wondered about that—what the shaping force could have been that has made women beautiful. It must have been done by thoughts, by their own thoughts perhaps, but especially by men's thoughts. I fancy that men have, largely, thought women into the being that she is. 'Thoughts are things,' you know; they are little invisible trowels and chisels that shape and create."

"Modern advance thinking! Well, I hope it is true; if so then male man is certainly an artist! I doff my chapeau to his work!" He lifted his cap to her merrily. "But," he added, "how about

Judith, With a Moaning Cry, Was at the Man's Side, Gathering Him to Her Breast, Before the Doctor Had Reached Him.

"I Will Give You One More Supply If You Will Take a Train Out of Here and Get the Stuff Somewhere Else."

heredity, the natural law that like begets like?"

"It does, but the work of mind improves or mars the result afterward. We girls at the University went into that. Compute back but a dozen generations, and one finds that he has some fourteen thousand ancestors from whom he descended in a direct line. Do they all influence one? Drivel! Reincarnation, life after life, as human beings, together with the molding power of mind, makes us what we are. Those two things really are evolution. Don't you think so?"

He laughed and threw up his disengaged hand in mock self-defense. "Remember, I am a materialist, and my business is looking for disease!" The vague cold at her heart increased. "And, of course," he went on, "the theory of reincarnation pre-supposes that we have individual souls capable of continuous life. With all deference, Miss Judith, I must say that I have searched men in vain for a soul; with neither chemistry, scales nor scalpel have I been able to find it."

"Of course," she cried half-scornfully, "you only searched dead men! Try searching a live man with your scalpel and see if you don't find a soul there ready to defend the body it inhabits!"

He waved a hand in acknowledgment, smiling. "Animals will react in the same way, and surely they haven't souls?"

"How do you know they haven't, in their degree? But are we no more—only animals?" she protested.

"Oh, yes, we are more, we are intellectual; they are not. Our capacity for experience and pleasure is greater; we are laughing, reasoning animals; they are not."

She looked away in silence. Down beyond a wooded hollow and up a long slope, then Leafy Ledge and—what would her answer be? She didn't know.

"Pshaw! this is silly talk!" he broke out regretfully. "I hope I am nearer your belief than I seem. One thing, our senses tell us that this hour is with us, and that it extends toward us flowers of joy; that is about all we really can know, and that is a whole lot—at least to me."

"It is hardly enough for me," she smiled, and began nervously talking of other things. Then, as pawns mysteriously moved upon a chessboard, her path of life suddenly intersected the path of the "other man."

AS THEY swept down the winding road thru the golden woods, the big car, gaining momentum, shot sharply into a curve at the bottom of the hollow. At the same moment another car, a runabout, approaching unseen, plunged into the curve from the opposite slope. Judith screamed, and Doctor Dudson jammed on the brake, but a collision seemed inevitable. Then, as if decided and accomplished within the time of a single breath, the other car swerved outward and crashed among the trees and turned over, the driver going headlong.

Judith, with a moaning cry, was at the man's side gathering him to her breast before the Doctor had reached him. For the moment the slender young fellow hung in her arms limp as a thrown garment; then he began to try to get up, his eyes fluttering whitely.

"Don't struggle—be quiet, get your breath!" the girl panted, holding him close.

His face, near her own, was delicate, almost feminine. The Doctor bent over them, his fingers seeking the young man's pulse, but Judith did not see the physician; she was looking into the countenance before her as a mother might look into the face of a long-lost child. Suddenly the young man's eyes, much like her own, opened wide and stared questioningly. Blood was dripping from the point of his chin; she wiped it away tremblingly.

"Don't be frightened—you are all right!" she half-whispered assuringly.

"My, but how quick the lights went out when I hit that tree!" he laughed. "Oh, you are the lady I got a glimpse of as I struck the curve and turned the Lizzie into the brush! Really, I beg your pardon!"

He struggled to his feet and stood swaying. Judith's hands slipped away from him, but her eyes, a-swim in tears, fed upon his face. Doctor Dudson steadied him a moment, wiping the red ooze from the youth's gashed chin with his handkerchief.

"I hope you are all sound," said the Doctor, "but I guess you had better let me feel you over a bit—might be something broken, you know."

"He is a physician—Doctor Dudson," said the girl, explaining. "I am Judith Jayne."

"Oh, I see. Well, I am Carl Swaim, one of the night men in the train-dispatcher's office over at Green Gap. Just took hold there last night—running round in a livery car lamping the terrene. Gee, how the old world does stagger and tip! One would think Iowa hadn't gone dry!" His mouth twisted into a sorry laugh. "Look out, Doc!" he gasped, as Dudson's strong fingers pressed along his spine. "You are tampering with the lights!" He looked over the Doctor's shoulder at Judith, his eyes big and unnatural. "I beg your pardon!" he whispered — and fainted dead away.

Doctor Dudson lifted the limp form bodily in his powerful arms and started toward his car. "We had better get him to town, to the hospital, where I can examine him, where I have instruments. Like a fool, I came away without anything—not even a pocket-case!"

But the girl seemed scarcely to hear him. She ran crooning beside him, cupping her hands tremblingly beneath the youth's head where it hung swaying over the Doctor's arm. "You won't hurt him?" she pleaded. "You are so cruel with knives and—and things that give pain! You won't hurt him? He—I couldn't bear it if you hurt him! I just found him—he just came. He——"

"No, I'll not hurt him—not more than is necessary!" growled the Doctor angrily. "Any one would think you were his wife or his mother!"

For answer she only passed her shaking fingers over the youth's pallid face and cried pityingly: "I don't know—I don't know—he just came! Look what he did! How he saved us! How plucky——"

"Get up in the car," interrupted the Doctor roughly. "Help me lay him on the rear seat. You sit on the folding seat and keep a hand on him. We haven't a drop of water or whisky or anything to bring him 'round with! I'm going to drive fast!" He looked dark, explosive, forbidding.

But the girl did not occupy the folding seat; without a trace of shame she slipped into the end of the rear seat and drew the youth's unconscious head upon her lap. Dudson looked black. "I'll have to hold him tight," she said simply. "He might get hurt if you drive fast."

The Doctor's big white teeth closed with a snap. "All right," he said shortly, and backed the car and turned it. As they rolled forward toward Green Gap, he looked around at the girl irritably, anxiously. She was holding the injured man tenderly, her slender arms close about him, her big eyes poring intently upon his blanched face. Dudson turned to the road ahead with a half-mystified, astonished cast of countenance but swore under his breath.

They were on Long Hill and looking down into Green Gap, when suddenly the young dispatcher's eyes fluttered open. He looked up into Judith's face, startled, bewildered, wildly interrogative.

"No, no!" she warned, "you must lie still! You must not sit up! You are hurt!" She tightened her hold upon him, but he struggled to a sitting posture, his face flushing oddly.

"I beg your pardon, but what's doing? Where are we going?" he queried, pushing his fingers thru his hair and staring about.

The Doctor half turned and thrust a warning hand toward him. "Take it easy, young man! You've got some cracked ribs, or something worse," he said sharply. "I'm taking you to the company hospital. You are a railroad man; you belong there. I am one of the associate doctors; I'll look after you."

The young man regarded him a moment. "Oh, I see," he sighed. He straightened himself and started to take a deep breath, but bit the inhalation off with a painful gasp. "Yes, Doc, I do seem to be slightly disrupted!" he laughed wryly. "Lord, but I don't feel a bit nice! I beg your pardon! If the atmosphere didn't grow so green and the landscape didn't try to turn over, why——" His cheeks emptied to a chalk gray; a ring as of frost narrowed about his mouth. The girl reached out her hands and he fell against her, flaccid, unknowing.

"We must take him to my house, where I can care for him!" she cried looking at Dudson imploringly.

"No," he ordered roughly, "we will do nothing of the kind! I was your father's partner; I've got something to say about this! People would talk; it's my right and my business not to let you be any—sillier! The hospital is where he belongs."

"He looks as if he were dead! He looks as if he were dead!" she wailed, ignoring Dudson as she bent over the ashen face upon her lap. "Maybe he will never come to! Oh, what if he would never come to!"

"He will come round all right; we will be there in a few minutes. Good God, one would think he were a prince!" snarled the Doctor hotly.

"Maybe he was. I can't remember—I can't bring it thru—one hardly ever can!" she moaned. "But now—after so long—what if he'd never come to! Then how would I bear it—what would I do?"

Dudson increased the speed. He was cursing. His plan, his dream, his chosen day! What an ending! And this interloper! A hatred that was as fire prickled thru all his blood.

Twenty minutes later Carl Swaim, writhing upon a table in the examination-room of the hospital, looked up with agony mirrored in his eyes to Dudson and an associate surgeon. "It's in my back, Doc!" he said gaspingly. "Feels like a knife-blade had been driven straight thru my spine! Holy Moses, I didn't know there could be such pain!"

"Yes, you fainted from it twice, trying not to let on before the young lady," commented Dudson, turning to a wall-case and beginning to prepare a hypodermic.

"Really, did you notice that? You are observing," came thru Swaim's gritting teeth. "Naturally I hated to keel over in her presence."

Dudson turned partly around and searched the young man with a sharp glance. "You know her—have met her

(Continued on Page 15.)

Bombshells and Bottles

By Howard R. Garis

The professor's big idea for the worsting of the cannibals and what happened at the critical moment.

WHEN Professor Azriah Elkum and his wife Amanda had been cast on one of the smaller of the Southern Pacific Islands, they crawled up on the sandy beach as far as they could, out of reach of the waves.

It was a calm, warm night, with a bright moon making it almost as light as just before sunrise. Only for the fact that the steamer on which the professor and his wife were making a pleasure trip around the world had run on a coral reef, there would have been no wreck. As it was, all managed to get safely into the boats.

After the confusion had subsided, Professor and Mrs. Elkum had found themselves the only occupants of their small craft. Azriah, never a good rower, had managed to upset the boat near the beach, inside the lagoon.

"Are you all right, Amanda?" he asked, as he assisted his wife to walk farther up the beach, the water in their shoes making a peculiar sucking, slushing sound the while.

"As right as I ever expect to be," Amanda replied, "after being shipwrecked," and she tilted her head over on one side to let the salt water run from her left ear. Then she repeated the operation with the other ear.

"It's not so bad," went on the professor, sitting down on the beach, for the struggle to reach shore had rather winded him. "It might be raining."

"Do you think we'd be any wetter if it was?" snapped his wife.

"No, I don't s'pose we would," admitted Azriah. "But it would be worse—er—after we got dry," with which comforting reflection he proceeded to take off his shoes.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Elkum, pausing in the ear-emptying process.

"I was going to dry out my socks," answered the professor. "But if you have any objections——"

"I should think you'd go to work and build a fire—or put up a tent—or—or do whatever shipwrecked people do when they are cast on a desert island," retorted his wife. "That's what they do in books."

"But in books they always have some matches, or there's some driftwood for a fire, or else there's things come ashore from the wreck," expostulated the professor. "Here there don't seem to be anything, and my matches are all wet."

"You've talked enough about what you'd do if you were shipwrecked," went on Mrs. Elkum. "Why don't you do something. I just know this island is infested with cannibals who'll eat us, or do some other dreadful thing," and she began to cry.

"There, there," said the professor soothingly. "It will be all right in the morning. Some of the other boats will land here and we'll be taken care of. Let's sit down on the beach."

"But I'm cold and hungry and wet—and—and miserable as I can be—be!" exclaimed Mrs. Elkum. "I wish we'd never taken this miserable voyage."

She had her cry out and felt better. The professor continued the operation he had started, of wringing the water out of his socks. Then, as the sands were somewhat warm, he decided to go barefoot for the rest of the night.

In the gray dawn of the morning something was cast up on the beach. It was a large black object, and at first the professor took it for a dead fish of some sort.

He strolled down to it, and was surprised to find it was his wife's valise, one of several pieces of baggage he had hurriedly thrown into the lifeboat. He waded out and got it.

"What is it?" asked his wife.

"Your valise."

"Thank goodness, I'll get some dry clothes, at any rate."

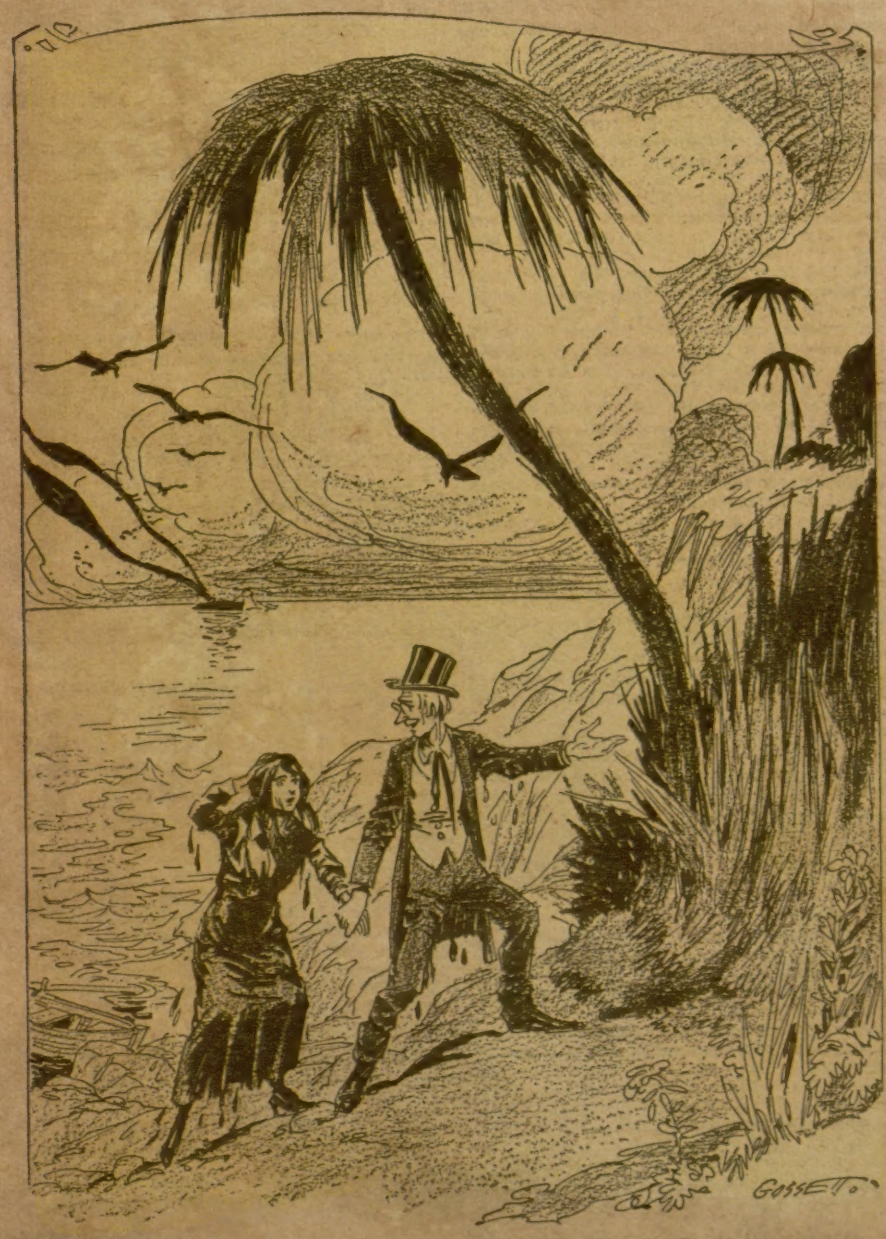
The professor did not think so, but said nothing.

Sure enough, when Mrs. Elkum opened the satchel the dresses and other things were as damp as she was herself. Whereat she cried again. But there was something worse in store.

With the rising of the sun a band of half-naked savages came pouring out of a distant palm grove and surrounded the castaways.

"The cannibals!" shrieked Mrs. Elkum.

So they proved, tho they did not immediately proceed to make their breakfast off their captives. However, they seized them with no gentle hands, bound them with cords and hastily tossing them into rude litters, set off at a smart trot toward the interior of the island.



He Assisted His Wife to Walk Farther Up the Beach.

He Would Feel the Arms of Mr. and Mrs. Elkum.

Mrs. Elkum had promptly fainted, but the professor kept his wits about him, and stared curiously at his captors.

They were of the regulation cannibal breed. Tall, lean of limb, fierce in aspect, carrying spears, shields, little axes of metal, and bows and arrows.

"We certainly are in for it," muttered the professor. "I would like a drink of water tho, and something to eat. I wonder if they will feed us. I seem to remember reading they always fatten their captives before killing them."

Just then his wife came out of her swoon, and the litter she was in, being borne close to her husband's, she exclaimed:

"Oh, this is terrible! Will they kill us?"

"Not at once," replied the professor cheerfully. Then he told her his belief about the fattening process.

"How can you joke at such a time as this?" asked Mrs. Elkum, preparing to faint again.

"It's surely no joke," said the professor. "But don't worry. If they give us half a chance I'll bet we can get the better of 'em."

"How?"

"I don't know yet. I'll think of some plan. Maybe I can scare 'em with an eclipse, or do some trick in the scientific line that will make 'em think we are gods."

"That's some more of your foolish notions," sobbed his wife.

MEANWHILE the cannibals carried their captives to the village, which was a large one in the center of the island. The professor and his wife were thrust into a palm-thatched hut and a guard, who carried a long spear over his shoulder, was stationed outside the door.

"I hope I haven't made a bad guess on that fattening proposition," thought the professor.

To his delight he found he had not, for a few minutes later two women entered bearing jars of milk, some kind of a warm stew, and slices of breadfruit. The victuals the women set in front of the captives on small stools. Then they withdrew.

"Well, if this isn't luck!" exclaimed the professor, starting to use a spoon, made from a split reed and a sea-shell.

"Wait!" screamed Mrs. Elkum.

"What for? I'm as hungry as a bear!" cried Mr. Elkum.

"It may be—be cannibal stew!" whispered his wife.

The professor was about to mutter something that sounded like he didn't care what it was, he wasn't going to starve, when, leaning over and closely inspecting the concoction he let out a yell:

"It's all right!" he cried. "It's chicken!"

"How do you know?" asked his wife.

For answer the professor held up two feathers that had once been on some sort of fowl.

"That' s no sign," expostulated Mrs. Elkum.

"It's good enough evidence for me," remarked the professor, and tossing some pieces of breadfruit into the stew he began to eat hungrily.

"It—it smells all right," remarked Mrs. Elkum.

"It is all right," insisted the professor.

His wife carefully tested hers once, twice, and then the third time. Then she finished it.

"I wonder if there's any more?" she asked faintly.

"I'll see," said the professor.

HE STEPPED to the door of the hut, and was about to go out when the armed sentry stopped him. The professor made the usual sign of the hungry man cast on a desert island, that of pointing down his throat and going thru the motions of eating.

The sentry nodded several times, grinned amiably, and shouted something in a loud voice, at the same time clapping his hands.

The same two women who had previously brought the stew in came with more, and the professor and his wife finished it.

"Well, this being shipwrecked isn't so bad after all," remarked the scientist as he drained the clay bowl of milk. "I haven't had such an appetite in a month."

"How can you be cheerful over it?" demanded his wife. "Think of the horrible fate in store for us."

"Maybe they'll forget all about us," said Mr. Elkum hopefully.

But no such good luck was in store. As the days passed the castaways came to know that no others of the ship's company had reached the island. They were the only prospective victims of the cannibals. And that they were to be offered up as human sacrifices seemed only too probable.

They were fed several times a day, and with what seemed the choicest food the island afforded. Once in a while the chief would come in to look at his captives.

At such times he would feel of the arms of Mr. and Mrs. Elkum, pinching them softly. He also punched the professor in the ribs. Then he would con-

(Continued on Page 10.)

Concluding Twenty-four Hours of Strange Incidents. They Made Up

Hope's Busy Day

By J. C. Kofoed

A Brief Summary of the First Installment

HENRY HOPE awoke suddenly in a sleeper of the morning express from Philadelphia as it came to stop in the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York. He had had a warning of some kind, but what, he knew not, until blood came trickling down from the berth above him. The man up there had been stabbed to death. Hope had originally been assigned that upper berth, but on boarding the train had arranged to get the lower one, which he had desired in the first place.

A bitter enmity had existed for years between himself and a man named **HOMER DAWSON**, a leader among the Disciples of Poverty, who were opposed to the accumulation of wealth by individuals. On Hope's part, it should be stated, their dispute would have soon been forgotten if Dawson had not threatened to do him bodily harm. It now looked as if the revengeful Dawson had slain the wrong man.

FAITH KESSLER, Hope's sweetheart, was also a Disciple, but possibly not a radical—she had become such because her family were of Dawson's belief, as were many other families in and about Derry, a village in Pennsylvania's coal regions.

KINGSLEY GOULD CARLISLE, president of the International Exporting Company, sent Hope, his secretary, to Moon-Acres, his home place, to get some papers, Hope receiving this order as soon as he reached his employer's office from the railroad station, where he was delayed until the body of the murdered man had been turned over to the coroner. Arriving at Moon-Acres, Hope saved **BLANCHE CARLISLE** from a deadly assault by Dawson, who had attacked her on the golf links, her assailant believing she was Hope's fiancee. Dawson fled in terror when he beheld Hope alive, and well enough to knock him down with a single blow.

Then Hope was informed that his uncle had died and left him $10,000,000 and a large apartment house in New York. On learning of Hope's good fortune his employer amazed Hope by intimating that, of course, he and Blanche, his daughter, could marry at their pleasure, with his fullest consent and blessings.

When Hope went to inspect the imposing residence structure that was now his he was astonished when Faith Kessler, herself, opened the door of Apartment K.

The second installment, beginning on this page, concludes the story and tells what else happened on Hope's busy day.

CHAPTER V.
FROM 6 TO 10 P. M.

"F-FAITH!" he stammered.

"Henry!" she cried, flinging herself in his arms. For one delicious moment they clung together, her soft lips crushed to his, the unsteady beat of her heart pit-patting against his vest. Everything was forgotten, except that he loved Faith and that she was in his arms.

Even the most exquisite moments must end. They separated with a sigh.

"What are you doing here, Henry?" the girl asked.

Hope turned a deep poppy tint. It wouldn't do to tell Faith pointblank that this magnificent place was his. She wore very plain, dark clothes, which, in itself, was an indication that she still adhered to the tenets of the Disciples of Poverty. He must have time to formulate a plan; so he temporized.

"That was what I intended asking you."

"Well, you see," Faith explained, "Derry became frightfully monotonous without you, dear," she cuddled against him, "so I decided to come to New York and get a position. Mr. McComber was the only person I knew who might help me in getting——"

"McComber?"

"Yes. He is the senior partner of the law firm of McComber & Henley. They are quite prominent here, I believe. Have you heard of them?"

Hope gulped. "Oh, yes—yes."

"Mr. McComber was in Derry for a while on business, and I came to know him quite well. So I went to him as soon as I reached New York, and asked him if he knew of a place for me. He sent me here—to act as a secretary to the owner. It's funny, but he didn't tell me the name of my employer. I've been waiting since 3 o'clock and he hasn't come yet. The servants don't know who he is, either."

Henry groaned. It was only a streak of luck that prevented Faith from knowing that he was her employer. Here in New York the ideas of the Disciples of Poverty seemed even more than usually ridiculous, and the enforcement of their code, even among their own members, impossible. But he knew how their tenets were impressed upon the younger generation. Faith had not got away from their influence long enough to be swayed by his arguments.

If it had not been for the Carlisle mix-up Henry would have asked Faith to marry him at once, and would have taken his time to convert her into a violent Disciple of Anti-poverty. If he failed he would give up the fortune, of course. That was a small matter so far as he, personally, was concerned. But he did not want Kingsley Gould Carlisle to institute some frightful breach of promise suit that would irrevocably wreck Faith's love. That was unthinkable.

Suddenly a terrible thought struck Henry Hope. The newspapers! Carlisle was certain to inform them. If they came to Faith's attention the fat would be in the fire.

"Listen, honey," he said hurriedly. "I've forgotten something most awfully important, so I'll have to run. I will be back in a couple of hours. Will you wait for me?"

"Very well, dear."

—He kissed her, and dashed to the elevator. On the trip down he drew out a battered address-book from an inner pocket, and scanned the C's until he found Tommy Conklin's name. He would have to help straighten things out.

Tommy lived somewhere in the prehistoric fastnesses of Harlem. He was sitting on the stoop, smoking an after dinner cigar when Hope descended from the Carlisle chariot. His eyes widened, but Henry bundled him into the machine before he could give vocal expression to his emotions.

"I suppose you know what has happened, Tommy?" said the new millionaire.

Conklin looked at him in awe. "When you shoved that check in my hand this afternoon, Henry, I was stunned—knocked flabbergasted. It was made out to me, and signed by Mr. Carlisle, so naturally I thought you had interested him. I made a bee-line for his office, and he told me all about your inheritance——" Impulsively Conklin seized his friend's hand. "You don't know—you can't know what it means to me. I chucked out of the office as quick as I could and rushed up to McCue's. The match is made; my money posted in the Planet office, and everything—why, everything is rosy. If there is anything—anything in the world I can do for you——"

The Butt of His Automatic Smacked Henry Beneath the Left Eye, and Down He Went.

"Forget that. What I want to know," said Henry, "is about the papers. Has Carlisle done anything about them?"

"Why, yes, tho the Crucible Steel matter kept him so busy that he did not think about phoning them until it was too late for the evening editions. All the morning papers will have it, tho."

"We've got to stop them."

"Stop them! Why?"

Hope explained what would happen if the sensation-hunting journals of a curious people spread the news of his inheritance and involuntary engagement all over the front page. He must have time to formulate a plan before that startling news came to Faith's ears.

"And the worst part of it is," he finished, "she is in town—Heaven knows why—and she is bound to see the papers. Then I will be finished."

"Let's go down to Park Row, and see some of the editors," Conklin suggested dubiously. "We may be able to persuade them to kill that bit of news for a few days."

It was a hopeless task, for news was scarce and a story like this a life-saver. The city editor of the Star laughed at them; the potentate of the Courier roared, and the directing genius of the Constellation thought they were trying to bribe him, and offered to whip the pair of them.

Then Conklin made another suggestion. "It looks to me like a frame-up on Carlisle's part," he said, "tho I don't understand why he should when Blanche can have her choice of a hundred richer men than you. But it looks that way. The thing for you to do is get Miss Kessler out of town, where she won't hear about this until you are ready to tell her. The newspapers will have forgotten all about you in a day or two. I know an ideal place where you can take her—the Blue Pigeon Inn out at Skippack Rock. Remember, the office force had a shad dinner out there last summer. It is quiet and isolated enough——"

Hope agreed sarcastically that it was a fine plan, except for the apparently unconsidered fact that Faith would be compromised. Conklin quashed that argument with a laugh.

"Don't worry about that. I'll take my wife along as chaperon."

That turned an entirely new light on the situation. They made a quick run back to Tommy's home, discussing their plan from every angle. Conklin catapulted into the house, and breathlessly explained matters while he buttoned Mrs. Tommy into her best frock. Hope spent that time in giving explicit directions to James. Then followed a wild dash to Riverside Drive, where Faith was ready and waiting.

TOMMY CONKLIN and Mrs. Tommy occupied the auxiliary seats, and discussed the sudden change of fortune that allowed him to fight for the middleweight title and retire on the proceeds. Henry and Faith talked of very intimate matters, and later turned to a discussion of the mad attempt of Homer Dawson.

The Skippack Rock turnpike, tho level as a barn floor, was not particularly wide—not enough, at any rate, for two cars to pass each other without pulling very appreciably to one side. The DeBerry-Fouquier was humming smoothly along in the center of the road.

Behind it roared the sudden racket of a racing engine with the muffler wide open. James had been a hard-boiled professional race driver in his day, and he possessed a deep and enduring pride in the DeBerry-Fouquier. To be passed by any other machine would be a blot on his 'scutcheon. So he stepped on the accelerator, and off they shot, with the other car fairly crowding on their heels.

Faith grasped Harry's arm. "It's Homer Dawson," she whispered. "I know it is—I just know it."

"Nonsense, dear. Where would he get a car like that?"

"I feel it—oh, hurry, hurry!"

The other car crept up, its headlights flooding the road with a torrent of silver. A man, crouching beside the driver, leaned forward and lifted his hat. The spotlight on the windshield showed it as clearly cut as a cameo—that white, well-kept fist and the revolver it gripped.

Several spurts of flame whipped after them, but they could not hear the reports because of the roar of the engine.

"This is getting a trifle raw," said Henry Hope. "I don't relish being chased around the country by this madman. I think we had better stop, and take him——"

"No, no. Don't stop. He will kill you. I know he will."

Hope looked embarrassed and shot a questioning glance at Conklin. But Mrs. Tommy was just as white and scared as Faith, so Henry capitulated, and ordered James to drive faster.

He could drive—that chauffeur. The speedmoter rose steadily—fifty, sixty, sixty-five! Out of the darkness on either side white, ghostly houses rose and faded in a breath. Beneath them the road seemed rolling back with frightful speed. The girls held their breath. They were too scared to speak. James bent over the wheel, rigid as a corpse, and strained into the enveloping night.

"We might as well have stopped and had a scrap," said Hope dryly. "There wouldn't have been as much chance of getting killed."

They looked back. The pursuing car, tho making a valiant effort to keep up, fell steadily behind. Farther and farther back it dropped until they lost its viciously twinkling headlights. Only then did James slacken his terrific speed, and come down to a cozy jog of thirty miles an hour.

Ten miles further on the car came to a jolting stop. The chauffeur descended, armed with a flashlight and an amused expression. He tinkered away diligently for a few minutes, and then came to the door.

"I'm afraid we can't go on, sir," he said, addressing Conklin, who, for the evening, was the ostensible owner of the machine. "The distributor is all shot to bits."

"Where are we?"

"Skippack Rock, sir. The Blue Pigeon Inn is just around the bend of the road."

"Ah—good." Conklin turned to Faith. "I am sorry, Miss Kessler, but I am afraid that we can't get back to town

"Cursed Children of Baal!" He Grated.

tonight. You see, we are quite a distance from the railroad, and there isn't such a thing as a trolley within miles. We might scrape up a machine somewhere, but the chances are against us. However, the Blue Pigeon is an excellent place, and under Mrs. Conklin's chaperonage——"

Faith smiled good naturedly, and agreed that it would be a lark.

There were half a dozen guests in the Blue Pigeon having a late supper in the dining-room, where a victrola was doing unmentionable things to the latest jazz-hit. Conklin registered, and ordered supper served. They were all very gay, Hope particularly so, because he thought that he had temporarily side-tracked trouble.

Poor Henry! He did not know the half of it.

The very first person he saw on entering the dining-room was Blanche Carlisle!

CHAPTER VI.
FROM 10 TO 11 P. M.

HOPE let out a little gasp like a punctured automobile tire, and seized Conklin's arms. The latter's eyes widened.

"This is a nice fix," he muttered. "What is she doing here?"

"This is no time for puzzles." He kept discreetly back in the doorway as he said to Faith: "Would you girls mind going to the table while Tommy and I go back to the machine for a moment? We will be back directly."

The two men beat a retreat.

When he reached the sanctuary of the lobby, Hope wiped a bead of sweat from his brow. "I had to think so fast then that I nearly sprained my brain," he said plaintively. "What the devil shall I do now? I can't go in there."

"Wait here a minute," Tommy whispered. "I have a corking idea." He dashed out into the night.

Hope waited impatiently, summing up in his mind the ridiculously improbable things that had happened to him since he returned from that week-end trip of his at 6 o'clock that morning.

He had saved Miss Carlisle, after missing being arrested for murder; inherited ten million dollars from a relative whom he did not think capable of earning ten million cents; became Blanche's involuntary fiance; found Faith in New York; run away with her straight into Blanche's presence. What a day! What a day! And probably more to come.

Henry took a nervous turn up and down the room.

Why had Carlisle trapped him into this engagement? Was he afraid that Blanche was becoming too deeply in-

(Continued on Page 17.)

No Matter Who You Guess, You'll Have Difficulty in Guessing the Real Committer of

The White Lily Murder

By H. M. Egbert

Last Week's Installment Condensed

On their way to the Embrich house, to meet Clay, Hosanna expressed to Jones her mistrust of the inspector. "I don't like him," she said; she couldn't understand why Clay wanted to keep in touch and report to each other right along. At the Embrich house Clay said one of his men had discovered that a woman had telephoned to the Embrich home and asked for the merchant at 9:30 on the night of the murder, but refused to give her name. Embrich, of course, was at the store.

Clay advised Hosanna not to worry about Goodloe, as "everything would come out" when Vintner was captured. As to the lilies found on Embrich's desk, Clay again insinuated that they were of small importance in the case—they were "selling them in the shops everywhere," he said.

The trio made a trip to Daddy Mann's home, in Flatbush, to question him further about locking the store's rear entrance. They first met

BOBBY MANN, a precocious youngster who aimed to be a policeman when he grew up. He said his parents—father 65, mother nearly 60—were at prayer-meeting, where they went most every night. Dad had forced Dolly, his sister, from home, and his mother,

MRS. DADDY MANN, had spells of "raving and tearing" about it, but it didn't do any good. Dolly had disappeared and her father wouldn't have her back, anyway. When they were seen, and Mann had stopped his wife's lamentations about Dolly, Mrs. Mann devoted her words to the praise of Mr. Embrich, who was "more of a friend than a master," as she expressed it. Her grief over the merchant's death at the hands of an assassin appeared to be very deep and sincere.

Later, Clay told Jones about some new evidence just discovered. A will had been found among Embrich's papers, which left the bulk of his property to his wife, Adelaide Embrich. None interested in the merchant's death had ever known of his marriage—all had considered him to be a bachelor. Meanwhile Vintner had been picked up and brought in by the police.

The story began in No. 43 the Ledger for Oct. 22. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

WHO'S WHO IN THE WHITE LILY MURDER MYSTERY

CYRUS K. EMBRICH, New York department store head, found stabbed to death in his private office when the store was opened in the morning; two white lilies were on his desk, and a woman's handkerchief, blood-stained and marked with an initial F, was stuffed in a waste-pipe. The weapon used by the unknown slayer was a steel envelope opener.

"PROBABILITY" JONES, an eccentric mathematician and amateur detective, who solves crimes by a super-system of charts and "noughts and crosses," and proving his deductions by close adherence to "the law of variables," whatever that is.

HOSANNA BEACH, Jones' stenographer, former ward of the dead merchant and well versed in her employer's curious system of "figuring out things," had lately quarreled with her uncle, so-called, and left his abode to support herself.

INSECTOR CLAY, of the Homicide Bureau, who employs his own conventional methods of solving murder mysteries; a typical "dick" of long experience in and about New York.

ELLEN MARTIN, Embrich's private secretary for many years, whose office was next to her employer's; believed to be a spinster whose only love was her employer's business, to which she was ever loyal and true.

PHILIP GOODLOE, the murdered man's nephew, engaged to Miss Beach, the pair being the prospective heirs to Embrich's fortune—conditional, perhaps, on their early marriage.

LUMPKIN, in charge of the store's restaurant and its head waiter; had recently been severely reprimanded for having served his employer a mess of greasy fried potatoes, hence one of the first suspects to be questioned after the murder.

VINTNER, former employe of Embrich, just returned from serving six months in prison for stealing goods from the store; according to other employes had threatened to "get even" with his former employer for sending him "up the river."

TIMSON, assistant manager of the store, whose habits out of business hours were little known to his fellow employes; evidently a man who could keep his own secrets and permit others to keep theirs.

"DADDY" MANN, the store's night watchman; an aged and odd character who was something of a street preacher, but a tyrant in his own home—however, more of a crank than a hypocrite.

MRS. "DADDY" MANN, verging on 60, and, like her husband, something of a fanatic in her religious views and habits; constantly upbraiding her stubborn husband for having driven their only daughter from home.

JENNY FRIEND, employed in the store; sometimes took dictation from Embrich and was believed to be Vintner's sweetheart, altho she had gone auto riding on one or two occasions with Phil Goodloe.

ADELAIDE ORR, an actress—mysterious young woman about whom nothing was known at the store or police headquarters prior to the murder of the merchant.

SANFORD ROGERS, a bald, middle-aged man of coarse manners who spent much time and considerable money entertaining show girls; otherwise a most mysterious person; one of those peculiar characters not worth one's time to "look up."

PECK, butler in the Embrich home; a surly, sneering fellow who after his master's death became more haughty and discourteous than ever; in fact, seemed disposed to block any and all attempts to solve the foul crime, that the slayer of the wealthy merchant might be brought to the electric chair and the innocent ones freed from the shadow of suspicion.

SOME ONE KILLED CYRUS EMBRICH, BUT WHO? AND WHY? AH, THOSE ARE THE MOMENTOUS QUESTIONS!

CHAPTER XI (Continued).

LEAVING Jones, the Inspector went over to where Cohen sat and began whispering to him while Vintner was being awaited. Clay seemed emphatic, and Cohen nodded once or twice, and once glanced toward Jones. Shortly, Vintner made his appearance in charge of a policeman.

He proved to be a thick-set, burly looking fellow, with a shock of lank, black hair and a sneering, confident demeanor, but not, from his appearance, of the professional criminal class. When the escort was dismissed, and the door closed, he stood in the middle of the room grinning all over his face, displaying a set of white, even teeth.

"Hello, Vintner!" Clay greeted him.

"Mornin', Inspector. Why, if that ain't my old friend Mr. Jones you've brought along with you!" he jeered. "Hope your eyesight's better, Mr. Jones. Say, you got a bum partner, Mr. Clay!"

"Cut it out, Vintner!" responded the Inspector. "I guess you know what I've come to see you about. Feel like doin' any talkin'?"

We know you killed Mr. Embrich. We've got you cold, Vintner, and Jenny Friend's been talkin', too. Come thru with it!"

Clay's voice was almost wheedling. Vintner threw back his head and laughed heartily; he appeared amused beyond anything at Clay and his question.

"This is where I've got you cold, Mr. Clay," he chuckled. "I don't know nothing about it, save what I read in the papers. I wasn't within a mile of Mr. Embrich's place all Tuesday."

"That's a lie, Vintner. We've got a witness who saw you in the yard Tuesday afternoon," said Clay.

Vintner's brows contracted. "Say, if I thought you was speaking the truth, Inspector, I'd have something to tell you," he answered. "But I guess that's part of the game. My partner hasn't given me away like that."

"All right," said Clay. "We'll s'pose I'm lyin', then and that you're innocent. Now what's th' objection to puttin' us wise, if you didn't do it?

"I'm takin' you at your word. You're th' innocent victim, an' you naturally want to clear yourself. And maybe you'd like to have that little matter of the kit dropped, too, in return for comin' thru with somethin' of value. What's the objection?"

Vintner, who was plainly uneasy, scowled viciously at Clay as he answered:

"I'll tell you what the objection is," he barked. "I was railroaded to the pen and made the goat for others I could have named, only I trusted 'em to see me right when I come out. I've got them cold, as well as you, and that's why I aint' doin' any talkin' just now, except to say you got the wrong man. So you can do your own man-huntin'—

friend," he answered. "I'll tell you some more when I get ready—maybe."

The perpetual answer certainly got on Clay's nerves. There was almost a snarl in the Inspector's voice as he answered:

"That's all right, Vintner. We know you and Jenny were out walkin'. The point is, where did you walk to? You've given yourself dead away already with your tale about your partner, and if you're innocent, you'd better loosen up and we'll see the right thing done. First, they railroaded you to the pen, and now they got you here. Fine partner you got, eh, Bill?"

Vintner shook under Clay's scorn. His nostrils dilated, and he seemed upon the verge of a furious answer; then, controlling himself, he uttered a malicious chuckle.

"I guess I c'n mind my own business, Mr. Clay," he answered. "I said I was out walkin' with a lady friend. I didn't say nothin' about Jenny."

"But I'll tell you the rest, Vintner," responded Clay very softly. "The answer where you walked to is, into Mr. Embrich's store by the Fothergill street entrance. The door had been left unlocked, an' we know all about that. You walked in, dodged the watchman, and went up the back stairs and along the passage.

"After you'd done the job, Jenny got scared," continued Clay. "She hadn't known you meant to murder Mr. Embrich. She'd thought it was just one of the jobs you've been working on since you come out of the pen. She ran to him and tried to wipe the blood away. Then she saw that it was drippin' down on the floor, and she got down and scrubbed the floor with her handkerchief. She stuffed it down the waste-pipe afterward. We've got the handkerchief, with her initial on it.

"Then she leaned over Mr. Embrich's body, and put her arms round his neck, and cried. You know, she was sweet on him, Vintner, even if she did arrange to pull off that job with you. She cared for him a hell of a lot more than she did for you. She left some of her hair on his shoulder. We've got the hair.

"Now, what I'm askin' you, Vintner, 's this: Whether you got nothin' to say that might maybe make it look like a possible second degree murder. Say your partner'd got you into his power—s'posin' it's a man—and made you do it. If you come thru clean, maybe somethin' of the kind might be done for you. I'm not promisin', but if you don't come thru, then the chair's waitin' for you,

Vintner's Lips Parted in a Wider Sneer Than Before. "My God," He Said Huskily, "My God, Clay, What a D—n Liar You Are!"

Vintner grinned at him with confident impudence. "Well, I d'no," he answered. "Seeing it's an old friend like you, Inspector, I don't mind telling you you've got the wrong man. One of your dicks planted that kit of tools he says he found in my room, and I guess you know it."

Clay's eyelid descended in a sardonic wink. "Stop your kiddin', Vintner, and get down to business," said the Inspector. "I guess you know we ain't particularly interested in that kit of tools of yours. you and your side-kick Jones here, who can't see across that long nose of his."

"Have your fun, Vintner," responded Clay, placidly. "You're not hurtin' us; you're hurtin' yourself, that's all. All you got to do is to tell us where you were on Tuesday night, if you still think you're innocent. Or, if you've changed your mind about that"—he leaned forward and transfixed Vintner with his gaze—"or tell us what you know."

Vintner laughed again. "I don't mind telling you I was out walking with a lady You opened Mr. Embrich's door with that bunch of keys that was found at your place. Mr. Embrich was workin' at his desk, or maybe he was takin' a wink or two. You stabbed him in the back like the coward you are, with that envelope-opener you'd got from Jenny!"

If it was Clay's plan to break Vintner down by this reconstruction of the crime, Clay certainly failed. Vintner's sneering smile as he faced the Inspector, pallid, but quite composed again, had a distinct look of malicious triumph in it.

lad, as sure as you've been born."

Vintner's lips parted in a wider sneer than before. "My God," he said huskily, "my God, Clay, what a d—n liar you are!"

Clay flushed an intense crimson. Vintner's shifty eyes were fixed on his with supreme defiance. The Inspector had met his match, almost for the first time in his career, and in a man of almost superhuman nerve—or innocence.

Clay's great fist doubled; it looked for the moment almost as if he meant to strike the prisoner. Captain Cohen leaned forward, touched him on the shoulder, and whispered. Clay turned

his head reluctantly, and quickly nodded.

"All right, me lad. You've had your chance, and it don't come twice," he answered, pressing the buzzer on the desk. "Take him back!" he ordered the escort. "See you outside, Mr. Jones," he added, casually, to "Probability."

For a moment Jones' eyes met Clay's. And it was impossible for Jones to mistake the look Clay gave him. The mask had fallen utterly from the Inspector's face. Hate and hostility showed plain and unconcealed.

It was the first time it had occurred to Jones that Clay's protestations of amity might be false. Very simple-minded, Jones always took men at their face value. He had put aside Hosanna's distrust of Clay as the illusion of an overwrought girl. Now he had come, in a flash, to realize that it was justified.

But what was at the bottom of Clay's actions, he wondered, as he paced slowly up and down in front of the station-house. Was it all a colossal bluff? Was Vintner really innocent, and did Clay suspect it? Was he seeking evidence that would send Goodloe, and not Vintner, to the chair?

Why was he playing this game—if it was a game—with him?

He could not answer his own question, but he resolved to be on his guard thenceforward. Instinct, which seldom spoke to him, spoke, when it did, with the force of an imperative mandate. He resolved to play his own hand for the future.

He began thinking of his charts. Preliminary, essential spade-work on the catalog of murder variables had to be begun that day. It would take a whole day, with himself and Hosanna working together.

And he was about to start homeward when he saw Clay coming out of the station-house.

CHAPTER XII.

"HOLD your horses!" said the Inspector, hurrying up to him. "Which way were you going? I thought maybe you'd like to come back to headquarters and see Miss Martin. I had her telephoned about that will of Embrich's, asking her to come down and see if she could identify the signature."

Jones decided to accompany him. Hosanna knew what she had to do, and was doubtless already at work.

At headquarters, however, Jones found Hosanna and Miss Martin waiting in the outer office of the homicide bureau. The Inspector nodded, asked them to wait a few minutes, and went inside.

Hosanna came up to Jones. "Miss Martin came down to the office just after I arrived," she said. "They had telephoned for her, and then she had a visit from Detective Myers, which upset her so much that she came to your office first to ask your advice. I thought it best to come over here with her."

Miss Martin came up to them. "I'm so relieved to see you, Mr. Jones," she said. "Isn't it dreadful, about Mr. Embrich's will! You've heard about it, haven't you?"

She looked at Jones with burning eyes. Her face was drawn, like an old woman's.

"Inspector Clay mentioned something about it to me this morning," Jones answered.

"I had a telephone call while I was dressing, asking me to come down here, and I couldn't make head or tail of it," said the secretary. "Then, before I had any breakfast, that man Myers came up to see me and asked me all sorts of questions. He was very impertinent, besides. I was so upset that I decided to go straight to your office, and I met Hosanna there.

"That will can't be genuine," she went on agitatedly. "Why, I never heard of any woman called Adelaide, and I never dreamed Mr. Embrich was married or would make such a will as that! I always felt perfectly certain he'd divide his money and property equally between Hosanna and Philip. You poor dear," she added to Hosanna, "it must have been a dreadful shock to you!"

"I never heard of such a woman, either," said Hosana. "If my uncle has married a decent woman, who was worthy of him, I'm sure the money's nothing at all to me."

"But I say it's incredible," said Miss Martin, with rising vehemence, "that Mr. Embrich could have been acquainted with any woman I'd never heard of—that is, sufficiently to ask her to become his wife. I was in the closest touch with all his private affairs for years.

"And then, even if he had married her, to think of his leaving her the entire business, with that immensely valuable property! Why, Hosanna, you and Philip are both practically disinherited, except for the house on Sixty-Ninth street and the few thousands Mr. Embrich has to his credit in the bank! And poor Philip's never done anything since he lost that importing business that Mr. Embrich started him in years ago. What's to become of him? He'll have to sell his car!"

The secretary's anxiety for Philip Goodloe's future appeared paramount. Miss Martin seemed to have hardly any concern about Hosanna.

"If I'd suspected anything of the sort, I'd have forced him to destroy that wicked will—if he ever made it," Miss Martin went on. "And I'd have succeeded, too. I did have an influence over Mr. Embrich for good. I don't wonder he kept it all a secret. Who is this Adelaide whom nobody ever heard of?"

"I'm absolutely certain that Uncle Cy never knew such a woman when I was living with him," Hosanna repeated. "If there is such a person, she must have come into his life since then."

"But, if she really exists, wouldn't she have come, or telegraphed, if she's out of the State, the moment she read the news of poor Mr. Embrich's death?"

"It looks like it, Miss Martin. She can't be in ignorance of it. Do you think it could be a—a sort of joke? You know Uncle Cy was fond of joking."

"He never joked about money matters," cried Miss Martin. She turned to Jones. "What do you think about it?" she asked hysterically.

"I should say that it's not much use speculating about it until we know whether the will's genuine," answered Jones. "If she exists, she may be ill, or living in some country place and not have seen the New York papers."

"But I can't wait! It's too terrible!" the secretary exclaimed, wringing her hands and beginning to pace up and down the floor. "And that poor boy in that dreadful cell! It breaks my heart to think of him. Perhaps Philip has heard of the woman. Hosanna, we must go to him! They can't refuse us. Everybody must see that it was Vintner murdered Mr. Embrich! Who else could it be?"

She almost screamed the last words, and suddenly collapsed into her chair again. Her figure seemed to huddle into a child's. "Hosanna," she gasped, "you know—you know he didn't——"

Hosanna kneeled beside her, hushing the wild outburst upon her lips. "He didn't do it! I'll tell all the world if need be!" Jones heard the girl saying. "It only means that they'll probably hold Philip a day or two. Yes, I know Clay's against him. He's insinuated all along—you know—and he'll do all he can to justify himself. But he can't Philip!"

"If we could only prove where Mr. Goodloe was at the time of the murder——" Jones suggested tentatively, awkwardly conscious of the keen observation of the two policemen present.

"Where he was? He went out for a walk. He's delicate. He always took a little stroll late at night, since he was a boy. It made him sleep!" declared Miss Martin.

HOSANNA seemed almost as distracted as the elder woman. Jones saw Miss Martin clutch at her and pull her head down. She whispered fiercely in her ear. He saw Hosanna nod. "Yes, it's best not to try to see him now. Yes, if it comes to that," he heard the girl declare. And then Miss Martin was on her feet again, coherent, calm, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I'm foolish to give way," she said to Jones. "But I've known that boy so long, and his having no mother in a way endeared him to me. I'm sure everything will come out all right."

"I'm sure it will," said Jones; and and then they became aware that the door of the inner office had opened, and Clay stood in the entrance beckoning to them.

They went in, and closed the door softly. "Sit down, Miss Martin," he said, offering her a chair. "I'm sorry you're so distressed. It's natural, of course, quite natural. Now, we found what purports to be Mr. Embrich's will among his private papers. Here it is. Would you and Miss Beach be inclined, at first sight, to say that signature's genuine?"

He placed the will before them. It was written on a single sheet of stationery, signed, and witnessed. Miss Martin took it in her hand and read it thru.

"I never heard of either of those men before," she said, placing her finger upon the names of the witnesses at the bottom of the paper.

Clay raised his eyebrows. "But the signature, Miss Martin—the signature," he said. "In your opinion, is it that of Mr. Embrich, or isn't it?"

"It may be his, or it may be a forgery"—Miss Martin began. "I can't swear——"

"Nobody's askin' you to swear, Miss Martin. "That's a matter for the Surrogate's Court. All I'm askin' you is whether you think it's Mr. Embrich's signature or whether you don't. Come, you must know Mr. Embrich's signature better than any one, havin' seen it every day for years past!"

"It is either Mr. Embrich's signature, or else a very clever forgery," said Miss Martin, speaking very slowly and deliberately.

"That's better, Miss Martin. And how about yourself, Miss Beach?" he added, turning toward Hosanna and placing the will upon the table in front of her.

Hosanna, after studying the signature carefully, answered: "I believe it's genuine. I know my uncle's signature so well. Either it's genuine, or, as Miss Martin suggests, it is an exceedingly clever forgery."

"Thanks. Sorry to have had to press you ladies," said Clay. "But the reason I asked is that I've had a telephone call about——"

As he spoke his telephone rang. With an exclamation of impatience he jerked the receiver off the hook, listened a moment, and put it back. He got up and strode to the door, flinging it open.

Outside stood a policeman, accompanied by a pretty, fashionably dressed woman of not more than 30.

She seemed in as much distress as Miss Martin had been. She, too, was holding a handkerchief to her eyes, and dabbing at them as she was conducted toward the door of Clay's office. As Clay appeared upon the threshold she took the handkerchief away and tried to speak, but could only sob helplessly.

The policeman handed Clay a card with something scribbled on it. Clay looked at it, then at the girl, said something softly to her, and, taking her by the arm, led her inside and closed the door again.

"The reason I asked," continued the Inspector, as if there had been no interlude, "is that I've got a hunch this is goin' to concern everybody. Take a chair, Miss Orr."

But the girl, as if unconscious of the presence of any one else, turned to Clay and put two small, well-gloved hands upon his coat sleeve.

"Won't you tell me if it's true—about Mr. Embrich having been murdered?" she panted. "They sent me here to see you. They wouldn't tell me a word. I can bear it if it's true—it's every one refusing to answer me that's driving me mad."

"It's true enough, Miss Orr, I'm sorry to say—been in all the papers since yesterday's noon editions," Clay responded.

The girl, recoiling at his affirmation, stood leaning back against the wall, her hands pressed to her bosom. "I—I can't believe it!" she gasped. "It doesn't sound possible. Murdered?"

Clay inclined his head. "Mr. Embrich was stabbed to death in his office on Tuesday night," he answered. "He died instantaneously."

"And the—the funeral——?"

"This afternoon. I'll see you're notified. Sit down, Miss Orr, and pull yourself together."

He led her to the chair, and the girl sat down as if dazed. She looked up at him, her large, gray eyes dilated in terror.

"Why should any one have murdered Mr. Embrich? Who was it?" she asked.

"That," answered Clay with emphasis, and obvious sincerity, "we'll find out soon—mighty soon, Miss Orr."

"I only saw the headlines in the paper this morning as I was coming down to headquarters in the subway," the girl sobbed. "I'm an actress, and I came in from the road late last night. I've been touring in Connecticut.

"I was coming down here about the burglary. When I got home I found my apartment had been ransacked from end to end, and yet nothing taken, altho there was some jewelry—only my things left strewn about the floor. This is the third time that's happened to me. I left my last apartment on account of it.

"On the way down in the train I started to read a paper I'd bought, and saw the headlines about Mr. Embrich being dead. I threw the paper away—I couldn't bear to look at it. When I gave my name at headquarters I only wanted to know about Mr. Embrich, and they wouldn't answer me. They insisted on sending me here to you."

She spoke in a succession of incoherent gasps. Clay waited till she became more composed; then he asked:

"Pardon my askin' it, Miss Orr, but what was Mr. Embrich to you?"

"He was a friend—a very dear friend. He—he——"

"You don't happen to be his wife, Miss Orr, do you?" persisted Clay. "Y' see, his will mentions his wife Adelaide, who inherits the bulk of his property. She didn't seem to be known to these two ladies, who represent Mr. Embrich's family, and we've been expectin' her to turn up. Adelaide's an uncommon name, and when you gave it in connection with Mr. Embrich here, we all naturally supposed that you might be the lady we were looking for."

The girl's head drooped. "Yes," she

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answered wearily, "it was to have been kept a secret for a little longer, but it doesn't matter now. Mr. Embrich was my husband. "We were married in New Jersey two months ago, but it was not to have been announced until the termination of my engagement. Then everybody was to have been told. It seems now impossible for me to realize it ever happened."

"Excuse my askin' you," said Clay, "but you have your certificate, of course?"

"Yes, at home. I'll bring it. I——"

Her head fell forward, and she slipped fainting to the floor.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Jones entered his office the following morning he found Hosanna there already. A glance showed him that she was hard at work upon the catalogue of murder variables, which pleased him mightily.

This was Friday. The murder had occurred on the Tuesday night; already the papers had ceased to feature the news, relegating it to an inner page, and nothing had been done so far as he was concerned.

The funeral of the murdered man had taken place on the preceding afternoon. Hosanna had, of course, attended it, and Jones, left alone, and unwilling to tackle the variables without Hosanna, had spent most of the time in computations which had brought him to no very definite conclusion.

"I've finished, Mr. Jones," said his assistant.

"What? Finished already?" demanded Jones in astonishment. "What time did you get here, Miss Beach?"

"I came down at seven. You see, I was awfully anxious to get this job completed. And it was much quicker than I expected. You know, I rearranged the catalog on that new system I had been speaking to you about. And there are eighty-five."

"Eighty-five variables? Well, that's not many. I'm ashamed to have been loafing while you were working, Miss Beach, but—only eighty-five?"

"There would have been ninety-four if Miss Martin and I hadn't agreed that the signature on the will was genuine. I thought we'd eliminate the nine under the circumstances."

"Quite right. Eighty-five variables, eh? Well, now we'll be able to go full steam ahead," said Jones. "This business sure does beat Creation. I guess Clay thinks so, too."

Hosanna looked at him keenly. "You mean he's not so sure it's Vintner and Jenny as he pretends?" she asked.

"I went with him yesterday morning to see him sweat Vintner," answered Jones. "Vintner called him a d—n liar to his face. And Clay took it. Now what d'you make of that? Clay's not the sort of man to do that unless—unless—Well, it wasn't altogether that, but he gave me a look just at that moment, when the mask was off, that was a positive revelation to me. I had an intuition. Not that I believe in things like that. Give me pure mathematics. Only I remembered you said you distrusted him."

"Oh, you foolish man! Of course, intuition's a great deal better than mathematics! That's what I meant when I told you I didn't trust him," said Hosanna. "Inspector Clay is playing a deep game of his own. Why did he arrest Philip if he's so confident it's Vintner? Mr. Jones, he's using us—but he's not helping us. You agree with me now?"

"I did think," said Jones, "that he was impressed by your inference about that handkerchief."

Hosanna shook her head. "I think," she said, "You'll find that Inspector Clay's professed anxiety to work with us has about reached its end."

The telephone rang. With a sickening premonition that his work was still to be delayed, Jones took down the receiver. After a short exchange, he covered it with his hand.

"It's Clay again," he said. "He wants to know if he can come 'round and learn something of my methods. You know, we spoke about it. I'll tell him to come tomorrow."

Hosanna shook her head violently. "No, let him come—let him come now!" she whispered. "We want him in the open!"

Jones obeyed her, and after a few minutes of strained suspense, Clay entered the little office.

He took his seat in Jones' swivel-chair, by invitation, while Jones perched his ungainly body upon the edge of the desk.

"I guess I'm pesterin' you folks a good deal," Clay began, "but you aroused my interest considerable, Mr. Jones, the other day, when you spoke of certain elements existin' which ought to make our investigations simple ones. Of course it's simple, and I stick to my point that it's a clear case against Vintner and Jenny, leavin' Mr. Goodloe out of consideration for the present. But what have you doped out with those diagrams of yours?"

Jones bent over the desk and began searching among the papers which covered it. It was an amazing pile, and, as a mole throws debris while it works, Jones brought to light open books with the covers gone, scrawled paper slips, a handkerchief, a necktie, a stack of rent receipts, two quarters, and the hand-mirror from Hosanna's bag. Clay watched him in mild amusement, glancing once or twice with a raised eyebrow at Hosanna, who looked on with embarrassment.

"Here, take your chair!" said Clay, rising and pushing Jones into it, while he seated his massive form upon a smaller one at the side of the desk.

Jones sat down and continued fishing out papers. Nearly every sheet was covered with weird and extraordinary-looking diagrams, consisting of comic sections, parabolas, tangents, segments of circles that began in space and ended in a wilderness inhabited by lost letters of the alphabet which seemed to be hitched to numbers like draught horses.

"I have made no special calculations since the murder," said Jones presently, glancing up at Clay. "But—I am speaking now simply from the evidence of mathematics—there appears grave doubts as to Vintner's guilt."

"Why?" grunted Clay.

"Because this murder contains an unknown element, something of mixed passions probably more complicated than either robbery or revenge—or both."

"What about Jenny?"

"I can't answer you yet."

"S'pose Vintner broke in to rob the safe, found Mr. Embrich there, and stabbed him to save himself. You say those motives ain't mixed enough?"

"That would eliminate Mr. Goodloe as an accessory, Mr. Clay," interposed Hosanna calmly.

Clay snorted, and Jones noticed that he no longer tried to placate the girl as before. "Oh, well, we're just supposin', now," he answered. "How about that, Mr. Jones?"

"Impossible," answered Jones, with absolute assurance.

"Impossible?" demanded Clay. "Why impossible? How can you say——?"

"I say it would be impossible, because no murder of that character can take place in this part of Manhattan until the third week in April, unless we assume a combination of highly unlikely coincidences into which it would be absurd to enter."

"Does this system of yours prophesy as well as—as finding out things?" asked Clay with heavy sarcasm.

Which was entirely lost on "Probability," who was warming to authority rapidly. "It does," he answered enthusiastically, rubbing his hands together. "Time does not exist so far as the laws of probability are concerned. And it enables me to say with conviction that the murder of Cyrus K. Embrich was due to obscure and unusual motives."

Clay flicked the ash from his cigar across the office with the swift movement of a thumb.

"How d'you dope all that out?" he asked.

"I'll try to make it clear to you, Inspector. Actually it is a very simple affair. We know that every event within the social system has a certain periodicity. For example, you don't have seven homicides in New York one year and three hundred the next."

"Thank God for that!" said Clay heartily. "Well, I think I get you there, Mr. Jones. You mean, statistics show that everything happens once in every so often, taken by and large."

"Precisely. And the longer the period covered in our investigations, the closer the approximation. Therefore, if we make our period infinity, our conclusions are absolutely correct.

"For example, there may be five times as many murders one week as the next, but hardly one month as the next, and never, by any chance, one year as the next."

"Accordin' to that," said Clay, "there's almost exactly as many murders one century as in the next century."

"Now that," said Jones, "is exactly where probability comes in. There are not. New York probably showed several thousand times as many murders in the nineteenth century as in the eighteenth.

"Why? Because of the introduction of certain factors which we term 'variables.' For instance, the city grew by leaps and bounds, changed from a provincial town to a metropolis, altered in social and racial composition; other variables are the perfection of the revolver and automatic pistol, the aggregation of great wealth in definite regions, etc.

"We see, then, that we are really dealing with a form of indeterminate equation which may be summarized briefly thus: If x equals a, then y equals b. In other words, the solution, which depends upon the co-ordinating of an immense mass of variables, is never determinate. There may be a dozen answers.

"But here it is that common sense steps in. For instance, it might interest you to know that there will either be a bad fire in the Bronx next month, set by an incendiary, with the loss of at least one life, or there will be two suicides within a few hours of each other by leaping from the top of one of the highest downtown buildings.

"Obviously the Bronx fire is the solution of the many factors involved. It is to such co-ordination of variables that I have devoted myself for many years past.

"Now, the number of murders in any arbitrarily selected district of New York will be approximately the same year by year, subject to the same conditions—not exactly the same, but varying surprisingly little, and always within certain definite limits.

"You will also find that, whenever the murder rate shows a perceptible increase or decrease, certain 'variables' will also vary in exact proportion.

"For example, following on the passage of the Sullivan law, the murders in a selected slum area decreased from 29 to 17. Our equation here, if we represent the Sullivan law by the symbol x, is: x plus 17 equals 29.

"But the Sullivan law is only a single variable, and the variables are almost infinite. 'Touch a flower and stir a star,' somebody wrote. Every act, every thought has an influence upon the entire universe. A woman shrieking at her husband in Montclair influences the camphor trade in the China Seas.

"Of course, these remote variables cannot be traced, but it is a matter of the keenest interest to trace those which do have a perceptible bearing upon local conditions. I myself have collected 947 variables bearing upon the subject of murder in New York. These 947 variables enable me to state with almost positive accuracy when, where and why certain murders will be committed during any period of the year."

"Nine-forty-seven varieties, eh?" commented Clay jocosely.

"I have traced 947," answered Jones, "which require serious consideration. They are all inter-related. And the science of probability is exact by the very reason of its elasticity. The number of combinations is almost infinite. Thus, by adapting the calculus to our requirements, we obtain mathematical certitude.

"But, to return to our subject, we say that there will be 'n' murders committed every year within a given district. Some of these will be unpremeditated, some from passion, some from sordid motives, and a small proportion from unknown ones. Some will be committed by men, some by women. Some will be done with knives, some with firearms, some by poison, some with such a weapon as the envelope-opener.

"Our equation, therefore, takes this form: If we say that there will be 'a' murders with the knife and 'b' murders with poison, and that these two equal 'n'—then it follows mathematically that a decrease in the number of murders with the knife must produce an increase in the number of those with poison.

"Extend the variations to infinity, and you will follow out my meaning. You will begin to see why the alternative of a fire in the Bronx or two suicides from the Metropolitan Life tower is not fantasy, but mathematically pre-destined."

He pulled out a square of paper covered with a network of curved lines and tangents skirting blotchy parabolas. Dotted about on it were letters and algebraic symbols.

"This line," said Jones, "represents the expectation of murders in downtown Manhattan west of Park Row during the twelve months ending June the first. You will see that thirteen of these have already been fulfilled. The thirteenth was that of Mr. Embrich.

"Nine were murders of passion and jealousy, of which eight occurred in the Italian quarter and one in the Syrian. Three were tong feuds in Chinatown. One of those still to come will be committed in the course of a hold-up, two

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more will contain the love element, and one will be of revenge. One—Mr. Embrich's—was due to some unusual motive at present unknown to us."

"And how d'you know that Mr. Embrich's murder wasn't the one caused by revenge?" asked Clay.

"Because," Jones answered, "the murders having revenge as their motive have exceeded their average for many months past, always due to an ascertained decrease in other computed variables, and the series cannot continue on account of other factors having come to an end.

"On the other hand, for the past eleven and a half weeks certain recurrent variables have been below par—saving up for something big, as you might say. It's like roulette. When red has turned up persistently for an hour, you know a run of black is bound to occur.

"You can't say when, because the variables are obscure. But"—he looked at Clay earnestly—"I claim you could say when, to the very throw of the ball and spin of the wheel, if it were possible to collate these variables and have them ready at the precise moment."

He pointed to the chart. "This is the run on black," he said. "The murder of Mr. Embrich is the breaking point, the turning up of red. This curve demonstrates it quite clearly to the mathematician. This line, AF, representing the murders in the region referred to, ought to be intersected by this curve, the revenge motive, at point P. Actually, you will observe, it is intersected at point W, on the curve of obscure motives."

CHAPTER XIV.

CLAY remained silent. He had hardly the slightest notion what Jones was driving at. Practical experience had told him that the mathematician scored successes where the utmost efforts of the city's detective force had failed. Dogged, unyielding, he was compelled, nevertheless, to recognize that fact.

There had been, for instance, the case of Sorenson, the mad gardener, who had murdered his employer under conditions of the utmost brutality, following a dispute upon religion, and had cunningly concealed all incriminating evidence. The police were about to let him go.

Then Jones, pointing to a religious motive upon his charts, had cross-examined Sorenson until, despite "Probability's" incapacity for eliciting facts by the oral method with any customary success, the apparently sane man had suddenly acknowledged that he was the archangel of death.

Still, in his mind, Clay ascribed Jones' successes to luck. Possessing a rudimentary knowledge of psychology, he considered, furthermore, that Jones had powers of subconscious observation which shaped his deductions unconsciously.

So he sat staring at the diagram, which rapidly resolved itself into incomprehensibility before his eyes.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "if it wasn't you, and if you hadn't done the things I know you've done, I'd say that the man who handed me that line of talk was plumb crazy. You mean to tell me that Mr. Embrich's murder was just bound to happen? Couldn't have been stopped?"

"A murder of this character was bound to happen," answered Jones. "Mr. Embrich himself lies outside the scope of my calculations. I cannot estimate the innumerable variables attending upon the life of any man, nor can I pretend that human destiny, which lies in the hand of the Creator"—Jones was a deeply religious man—"comes mechanically within the sweep of the vast cosmic forces of destiny. And yet I have no doubt that the mechanics of fate are irrevocably bound up with our free will."

"Well, Mr. Jones," said Clay, "all I can say is you've got me going. What you say sounds to me like Lumpkin killin' Mr. Embrich over those fried potatoes. And then there's another thing still got me stumped."

He rested his thick hands upon his knees and looked steadily at Hosanna, who returned his gaze without flinching. "How did you know about that handkerchief, Miss Beach, seein' you were not in the room when I was questionin' Jenny?" he asked the girl.

"I guessed from the way you spoke to me that Mr. Jones hadn't then mentioned that fact to you. If I'm wrong, set me right, and we'll agree there's nothin' queer about it at all. But if I'm c'rect, then I'd like to be shown. And, in partic'lar, I'd like to know how you guessed that that handkerchief was an embroidered one."

Hosanna's eyes fell. She moved her hands nervously. "Mr. Clay, I—I can tell you," she answered, in low, almost faltering tones.

"Meanin'," said Clay, "that you prefer not to? Mr. Jones hadn't happened to mention about it to you when you asked me, then?"

"No," answered Hosanna, in the same low tone.

Jones intervened: "Miss Beach doesn't mean that she won't tell you, but that she can't," he explained. "It's quite correct that she inferred the existence of that handkerchief without my having said a word to her about it, and it struck me as one of the most extraordinary things I'd ever heard of. Doesn't it strike you that way?"

"Extraordinary—extraordinary," murmured Clay.

"Well, I tried to get it out of her myself, how she did it," said Jones, "and she doesn't seem able to explain the matter at all."

"Humph!" grunted Clay, turning a sharp look upon each of them, alternately.

"The fact is," Jones went on enthusiastically, "this little girl's a natural-born detective. I don't believe that she had any idea of her powers when she first came to me as my stenographer, but I've been finding them out amazingly ever since. This isn't the first time, either. You remember what a help she was to me when we were after Vintner before. She's got uncanny powers of observation and deduction, which simply stagger me. But she doesn't know how she uses them."

"That's all right," answered Clay. "She might have guessed that the floor'd been scrubbed with a handkerchief. But that don't explain the embroidered part of the business. And what d'you mean by 'doesn't know how she uses 'em?'"

"I mean," Jones answered, "that Miss Beach is a woman, and consequently the processes of deduction and inference are carried on in the unconscious part of her mind. It's like calculating geniuses who can immediately give you the cube root of the longest string of figures that you can think of, without having the slightest idea how they do it. Miss Beach simply doesn't know how she inferred the existence of that handkerchief."

"Humph!" grunted Clay again, and turned his sardonic, searching gaze upon Hosanna, who, as if compelled by it, slowly raised her head and looked him in the face. "Mighty useful power, I must say! We need it in my department—badly."

The expression upon Clay's face was that of a man wounded in the house of his friends. It hinted at a betrayal of their compact to work together.

And yet it was inscrutable besides, conveying also that sense of the possession of hidden knowledge which made Clay formidable.

"Well, y' know, if that's the explanation, there's no use me askin' anything more about it," he said, raising his big form out of the chair. "Glad to find we're workin' harmoniously together, Mr. Jones. And I guess those diagrams of yours will run the same way as our own investigations, if there's anything in 'em."

He turned to Hosanna. "Now, about Mr. Goodloe," he said. "Y' know, we're still holding Vintner on that charge of havin' burglars' tools, until we get somethin' more to go on. Well, Mr. Goodloe won't have to kick his heels in suspense much longer. There'll be somethin' doin' in a shorter time than any one guesses, and then, if he's innocent, as he says he is—why, he'll go free, of course."

He stood up, the embodiment of self-satisfaction.

"So don't you worry, Miss Beach," he concluded. "And don't forget to call on us, Mr. Jones, if there's anything more you want. I only wish I could figure it out your way, instead of havin' to chase meself all over town."

He went out with a nod and a clumsy bow. Jones and Hosanna looked at each other silently until the sound of his heavy footsteps had died away on the stairs.

Then Hosanna left her chair and went and stood beside Jones, her hands clasped in front of her. "I—I want——" she began in a trembling voice, and then burst into helpless tears. She swayed, and, as Jones was about to catch her, groped for the arm of the chair and sank into it.

She leaned back, her eyes half closed. Jones, quite helpless in the presence of

(Continued on Page 16.)

Bombshells and Bottles

(Continued From Page 5)

verse gravely with the solemn waiters.

"I wonder what he's up to?" asked the professor of his wife.

"Seeing whether we are fat enough to kill, of course," answered Mrs. Elkum.

"By Neptune! That's it!" exclaimed the professor. "I never thought of that. And here I've gone on eating everything they set before us. It's got to stop. I'll fool 'em. Hereafter we'll eat only just enough to keep us alive. We'll get thin. Then they won't eat us."

"But they'll kill us just the same," wailed Mrs. Elkum.

"In the meanwhile I will have a chance to put my plan into operation," said the professor.

"What plan?" asked his wife.

"Didn't I tell you?" Well, I have a scheme for saving our lives. It's great. I thought of it one night. I always did hope I would be shipwrecked among savages some time, so I could show 'em a trick or two."

"What are you going to do?"

"I haven't it all worked out yet. I'll have to get a little more freedom than they give us. First, I'm going to try to get them to allow us to roam about."

"Then what?"

"I'm going to produce an explosion and electrocute half the natives. I guess that will make them let us alone, and we can stay here and wait for a ship to come and take us off."

"But you haven't any powder to explode, and not even a dry battery."

"No, but Professor Elkum, author of 'Science from Simple Things,' the man who created a galvanic cell from a thimble, a drop of salt water, a copper cent, and a knitting needle isn't going to be stumped by the lack of a few things like that. I'll make everything."

"Out of nothing?" asked his wife.

"I'll find all I want," replied Mr. Elkum. "Besides, you know the adage about necessity and her mother."

The same day the professor put his plan into operation.

By signs he managed to make the guard understand that the health of the captives was on the wane. In great alarm the sentry summoned the chief. That individual looked on gravely while the professor went thru a complicated pantomime.

The scientist indicated that he and his wife would pine away and die unless they could get out into the fresh air and sunshine. Also, Mr. Elkum demonstrated, by many shakes of his head, motions of his arms, legs, and fingers, that they ought to be left to their own devices for a while each day.

The chief looked grave, and nodded his head in assent. He seemed to appreciate that it would be his own loss if the castaways did not get into prime condition. Forthwith a change took place.

The professor and his wife were taken from the small hut and allowed to live in a larger one. This was surrounded by a high palisade, inclosing a space of jungle and open country about five acres in extent.

"This is something like," said the professor. "I begin to see my way clear now. I'll start at once on my patent sea-shell battery."

The professor spoke truly when he referred to his scientific achievements. He had gained a reputation at home for his lectures on deep subjects, illustrating them with simple objects.

He once made a steam engine for his class out of a baking-powder box and a lead teaspoon. It worked all right, but exploded from too much pressure at about the seventh revolution of the fly-wheel, which was part of a roller-skate. So, tho Mrs. Elkum expressed some doubt, she knew her husband would produce something.

The professor soon became so busy he grew quite thin and the cannibal chief, in much alarm, ordered more food than ever to be served the captives. But the scientist and his wife, following their plans, ate a little, and threw the rest away.

Finally the sentry, peering in thru the stockade, saw them toss the food to one side and reported. At the next, and subsequent meal, one of the women waiters stood on guard until every scrap was consumed.

"Well, I'll have to hurry with my invention, that's all," said the professor.

He worked harder than before, sometimes late at night, when there was a moon. First, he gathered a score or more of deep sea-shells, which he placed side by side in little hollows in the sand, just inside the stockade, where it opened down to the ocean. The shells he filled with salt water.

"What are you going to do for plates for the batteries?" asked Mrs. Elkum.

"I have everything right at hand," replied her husband. "You may not have noticed that the cannibals have copper axes. I have managed to secrete enough of them to serve my purpose."

"But you have to have two kinds of metal for a battery."

"There is a zinc mine within the

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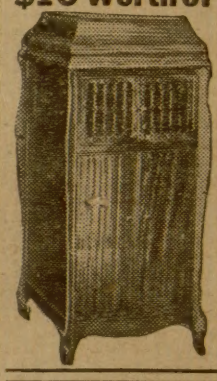

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stockade," whispered Mr. Elkum. "The ore is almost pure. I have dug up enough to equip forty batteries.

"I don't know how I'm going to get my connecting wires tho," added the professor. "But maybe I'll find something that will answer before I need 'em."

"How will those do?" asked his wife.

From the valise that had been cast up by the sea, and which she had clung to all thru her captivity, she produced a small bundle.

"What is it?" asked the scientist.

"Hairpins. I brought along an extra large supply, my hair is so heavy."

"The very thing!" exclaimed the professor, as he opened the package and disclosed a thousand or more of the small wire contrivances.

He set to work to straighten them out and then he twisted them end to end until he had scores of feet of wire. It was not insulated, but it would answer the purpose. Next the professor connected up his batteries.

He fastened wires to the copper axes and the chunks of zinc which were in the sea-shell jars, and then, having attached the wire from one positive pole to that from the negative pole of the next battery, he brought the ends of the two final wires together.

A tiny spark rewarded his efforts.

"Hurrah!" cried the professor. "Who says Elkum's salt-water battery won't work?"

"Is it strong enough?" inquired his wife.

"No, it isn't," replied the scientist, "but I'll soon make it so. I'll construct a spark-coil."

Which, after much labor, he accomplished. It was a crude affair, necessitated by the rough materials with which he had to work. For a vibrator he used one of the steels from his wife's corset, and for platinum points he sacrificed his watch chain, which was made of alternate links of that metal and gold.

WHEN, after many days of hard work, the battery was finished, the professor could hardly wait to connect it up and try it. But it worked beyond his wildest expectations, for now, when the wires were touched there snapped out a spark five inches long, and powerful enough to stun several men if they received the current.

"I rather guess this is going some," remarked the professor.

"How are you going to get the natives near enough to shock them?" asked Mrs. Elkum.

"You'll see," was the answer.

But time was flying. The professor and his wife were both growing very stout, and the eyes of the cannibal chief gleamed unpleasantly bright as he visited them one day in the stockade.

The ruler of the desert island muttered something to one of the guards, and the professor overheard it. He had managed to understand a little of the language by this time.

"So," murmured the scientist, "you'll sacrifice us a week from today, eh? Well, I'll try and be ready for you then. Maybe you won't have such a celebration as you count on."

The professor redoubled his efforts. The next day he built a big fire, and when it was well going he covered it over with several layers of moss.

"What are you doing now?" asked Mrs. Elkum, who was busy writing on a small portfolio which had been in the valise.

"Making charcoal," replied the professor. "And what are you doing?"

"Just writing a few notes."

"I'm afraid you'll wait some time for a mail," went on the scientist, whistling cheerfully, for all gloomy forebodings had been driven from his mind by his fervor over his scheme.

"What are you going to make with the charcoal?" persisted Mrs. Elkum, folding the several notes she had written into little spirals.

"Gunpowder."

"Gunpowder?"

"Yep! I discovered a sulphur spring the other day, also one containing all the elements of niter. That's all gunpowder is, you know—charcoal, sulphur and niter, or saltpeter. I have all three elements. I'll probably not be able to make a very high grade, but it will do for my purpose."

In due time the charcoal was made. The professor borrowed, without asking for it, one of the hardwood pestles and pounders the natives used for pulverizing corn and grains. That was his powder mill.

Into this he placed the charcoal, niter and sulphur, and mixed them up wet, grinding them as fine as he could. He did this at night, and far away from the hut where his wife was.

As for Mrs. Elkum, she seemed much engaged over some scheme of her own. She had discovered a case of empty beer bottles, with patent stoppers, and at sight of them her face lighted up.

"I never did believe in giving the heathen wine when it is red, nor yet beer when it giveth its color in the bottle," she mused, for she was strictly temperate, "but in this case I must say I'm glad some wicked explorer or ship captain left this case here."

The professor dried his stock of powder in the sun, and then tested a little bit of it. He used a piece of hollow bamboo, and when the fuse reached the rough black grains there was a puff of smoke, a burst of flame, and a sharp report. The bamboo was nowhere to be found.

"Hurrah! It works!" exclaimed the scientist. "Now let them come to sacrifice us if they dare!"

The days were all too short for what yet remained to be done. Several times every twenty-four hours the cannibal chief came to view his captives. From stray words the guards uttered the castaways learned that a great feast was in preparation, and that they were to be the chief features.

Mrs. Elkum became more and more worried as the time drew nearer, but the professor was cheerful.

"They'll never eat us," he declared.

"But supposing your plan don't work?" asked his wife.

"It can't help working. You just wait. By the way, what became of all those beer bottles I saw around here? I need one."

"I—I threw them into the sea," said Mrs. Elkum, looking a trifle confused.

"Well, that's carrying temperance a little too far," rejoined the professor. "Empty bottles could harm no one. However, I suppose I can make a small shell answer."

It was not until the night before the sacrifice that the professor completed the last details. He had made a sort of platform in front of the hut where he and his wife slept. This platform was composed of pieces of zinc ore packed hard and closely together. At either side of it were the wires, formed of hair pins, and connected with the threescore seashell batteries and the big spark-coil.

A rude sort of a push-button, made from pieces of a cocoanut shell, enabled the professor to send a current thru the zinc plaform at will.

Just beyond the metal zone, and far enough away to make the hut hafe, the professor had buried a quantity of gunpowder. It was tightly tamped in sections of bamboo trees, and some very fine hair pins made electrical fuses.

The fuses were connected by other wires with the spark-coil, and, with a second push-button the mine could be exploded from the hut, whence also the platform could be charged.

"Now let them come," mused the professor as he went to bed on a pile of leopard skins that night. "I'll shock 'em to death first, and blow 'em up afterward."

PROFESSOR ELKUM and his wife were awakened next morning by a beating of tom-toms and a chorus of wild yells. The forest resounded with the barbaric sounds.

"Here they come!" exclaimed the scientist. "Right on time. Well, I'm ready for 'em!"

Mrs. Elkum began to tremble. She turned pale, and looked for some place to hide. The professor tried to cheer her up, but he was so engrossed with his coming experiment that he did not put much enthusiasm into the task.

The noise of the approaching hordes grew louder. Mingling with the dull boom of the drums and tom-toms was the shrill sound of some kind of bamboo horn.

Outside the stockade the savages came to a halt. Then the gate was opened and, tho the professor and his wife could see a crowd of almost naked cannibals thronged around it, only two of the natives entered.

"Sort of envoys, to invite us to come out and be killed," observed the professor grimly. "Well, we're not going."

He looked at the push-buttons to see if they were in order, and by this time the emissaries were at the door. They made signs for the captives to come forth.

The professor made a low bow to the two natives and then began to speak rapidly. He announced that if the cannibals, from the chief down to the littlest infant, thought the castaways were going to let themselves be sacrificed they were laboring under a big delusion.

"And what is more," went on the professor, "if there is any unpleasantness over our refusal, those who make it will be very sorry. I don't want to create any undue excitement, but before I allow my wife and myself to form the—er—the piece de resistance to any heathen feast, I'll blow the island up, and your chief along with it. There, now, you can go back and tell him that from me."

Of course the natives didn't understand a word, but they knew something was wrong, and that the captives were not coming willingly. They hesitated a minute, then with loud cries ran back toward the gate.

They conversed with their fellows, as the professor and his wife could see, and then, with wild yells, the whole gang, led by the cannibal chief, advanced toward the hut on the run.

"Here they come!" yelled the professor gleefully. "Now watch what happens!"

By this time the crowd of cannibals had reached the powder zone. The professor pressed the push-button connected with the hidden mine.

Instead of the dull boom he expected, and the rending of earth, there came only a dead silence, broken by the savage yells.

"Something's wrong!" cried the scientist. "The powder didn't go off. Never mind, I'll electrocute 'em!"

The natives rapidly crossed the intervening space. Now a hundred or more were on the zinc zone.

"Here goes!" the professor yelled. "Watch 'em sizzle up!"

He pressed the other push-button, but nothing happened. There was no answering spark, and the current, if there was any, did not leave the batteries.

"We're lost!" cried the professor. "The batteries have failed. But they'll never take me alive!" and he grabbed up a big club.

"Oh!" screamed Mrs. Elkum. "This is awful!"

With savage yells the natives stretched out their hands to seize the captives. Mrs. Elkum cowered down, weak from terror. The professor swung his club in wide circles.

Suddenly there came a hearty shout, and three rousing cheers. Then a voice cried:

"Give it to the ugly savages, boys! No quarter! Fire low and make every shot tell!"

There came a blast from twoscore rifles, and as many natives bit the dust. Then, again and again, from the magazine weapons spat a hail of lead.

With howl of fear the cannibals halted in their wild rush to the hut, and saw themselves confronted by a squad of marines led by a lieutenant in a natty uniform.

"Another volley, lads!" he exclaimed, and when the smoke had cleared not a native, save dead ones, was to be seen.

"Got here just in time, didn't we?" asked the lieutenant, saluting the professor.

"Well, I should say so," was the answer. "I wasn't expecting you. How did you find us?"

"I believe you wrote this?" said the lieutenant to Mrs. Elkum, holding out a beer-bottle, which had contained a rolled-up paper.

"That is one of them," replied the professor's wife. "I guess I set the whole case of empty bottles adrift, each one with a note in it, asking for help. When did you get it?"

"We picked it up, floating offshore about five miles away, last night," answered the lieutenant. "Seeing the cork in, we knew the thing meant business. We had a little trouble locating the island in the dark, or we would have been here sooner."

"I don't believe I quite understand yet," said the professor, a bit dazed.

"Why, I just thought I'd do as I read of other shipwrecked persons doing," explained Mrs. Elkum. "I heard you mention the longitude and latitude of the island, so I just wrote it down on some slips of paper, and asked whoever found it to come to our aid. Then I put a note in each bottle and threw the whole lot of them into the ocean. I did it a week ago."

"So that's where the bottles went," mused Mr. Elkum. "Well, it's a good thing you did it, but I can't understand why my mine and electrical contrivance didn't work."

"Easy to see why," replied the lieutenant. "The beggars cut the wires for you," and he showed how the hair-pin conductors had been severed where they ran from the hut to the powder and zinc plate.

"Those cannibals are smarter than I gave them credit for," said the scientist. "I never thought they would do that. But it's all right."

"Now if you're ready I'll escort you back to the ship," added the lieutenant, forming his men for the march. "The captain will be a bit anxious."

On the way he explained that an English cruiser was in the offing, and that the rescue had been decided on after a boat's crew, out for a practice spin, had picked up the message in the bottle.

When Mr. and Mrs. Elkum reached home safely a few weeks later, the professor never tired of telling of his scheme for annihilating the natives.

"I only wish I could have seen it work," he ended rather ruefully, "but still, maybe on the whole it's a good thing Mrs. Elkum did what she did, tho it shows she didn't take a lot of stock in my invention."

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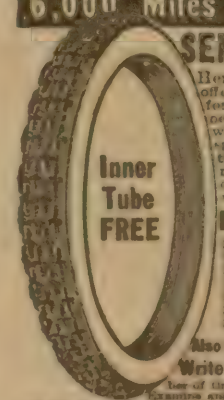

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More Chapters Concerning the Pursuit of the Independent Miss Cranford

EL CAMINO'S MYSTERY GIRL

by Robert Ordway Foote

The Story From the Beginning---Condensed for New Readers

GRANT MACOMBER, a young American professor of zoology, big game collector, arriving in Lower California in quest of bighorn sheep, antelope and other desirable specimens, engaged

PEDRO LOPEZ, a Mexican, famous along the border as a professional guide, to assist him in his scientific endeavors. To Pedro was left the selection and purchase of mules and burros and the hiring of "mazos"—drivers and camp boys—and everything was O. K. for their start from the inland town of Campo when along came

MISS CONSTANCE CRANFORD, as she called herself, a small and slight blonde with big, expressive eyes. She, too, was eager to buy some fast mules and good burros, and was anxious to secure a good guide. By offering Pedro considerably more money than the professor was to pay him, the Mexican promptly "jumped" his contract with Macomber, telling the professor that big game would be more plentiful a month later. Senor should wait.

The errand of the trim little maid down into the scorched deserts and jagged mountains of the southern regions remained a deep mystery to all. "Padre gold," buried long, long ago beneath the abandoned missions, declared some of the guessers. "Looking for lost mines," others surmised. But to all inquiries she was noncommittal. Macomber secured the services of

ALFREDO, a youthful Mexican guide, and in due time his small cavalcade reached Alamo, an inland hamlet. There he met an English adventurer, one

VIVIEN CARSTON, or "Lord Chauncey," as the natives had dubbed him. He also met

CAPTAIN BILL HAWORTH, an American, and a pioneer among the settled inhabitants of the country. All in Alamo were discussing the pretty khaki-clad girl who had come to the town, with a small cavalcade in charge of the famous Pedro Lopez, and left without disclosing her destination or the nature of her mission. When the professor reached the ranch home of a big, husky American named

TOM MASON, he found that Miss Cranford had also stopped there, much to the delight of Mason and his wife. After leaving the Masons the professor's guide caught sight of Pedro Lopez speeding back on the trail—northward—and alone! Where was the girl? This was the question that continued to disturb the professor's mind after his guide had told of the incident.

While the professor was pondering over the girl's whereabouts, or fate, a large ram and two young ones were shot by an unseen hunter, right before his eyes. The fusillade of shots came from a cliff above a rock upon which he had been seated. The unknown Nimrod departed without appearing to claim a wounded ram that Macomber had put out of its misery, or to follow the other wounded ones.

At the ruins of an old, abandoned mission building Professor Macomber was surprised to come upon his friend, Captain Haworth. Neither had got any trace of the girl. The professor recalled that, according to the Masons, Miss Cranford was an expert shot with revolver or rifle. Macomber and Haworth set out for the old Santa Maria mission, believing they might find the girl there.

On their way Captain Bill espied a lone mounted figure crossing the desert, and took after it. He soon returned with Pedro as his prisoner. The Mexican, the excited mozos declared, had visited their camp while the professor and the captain were after game, and spilled their water, leaving not a drop in camp. But precious little was left in the professor's canteen, while the captain had exhausted his own and his prisoner's supplies.

The story began in No. 4 the Ledger for Nov. 5. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN ADMINISTERING poetic justice, men of the wild places have inevitably excelled. The little party of Americans and Mexicans which slowly retraced his steps across the dreaded Llanos de Santa Maria, contained one prisoner, yet that prisoner was made as comfortable as was possible on the mule on which he had been placed. His hands were free. Only a rope about his feet and under the mount would have told his status. At every stopping place his feet were unbound and he was allowed to walk about.

But despite this appearance of mercy, the punishment was being sternly made to fit the crime. At those little stops on the long day others of the party once or twice were allowed to moisten their tongues with a few spoonfuls of the precious water from Macomber's saddle canteen, the only supply left them. Not a drop went to the prisoner, upon whom rested blame for the shortage.

Stoically, Pedro Lopez watched the first manifestations of this intended procedure, but when nightfall, after the long, hot day's march, found the party still well out on the Llanos and forced to make dry camp without entering the Santa Maria Mountains, his face lost a little of its mask of indifference. The interruptions of the morning and the weariness of the animals, coupled with the shortage of water, had caused many an anxious hour to the Americans during the day, but at night they were reassured to find themselves on the trail by which could only be partially slaked fore. As a result a real meal was indulged in, even tho it did awaken a thirst which could only be partially slackened by an equitable distribution of half the water on hand. Again not a drop went to Pedro. The Mexican prisoner broke his silence.

"I hope we get to water tomorrow," he said in Spanish, attempting a grin at what was intended to be a witticism at his own expense.

"We are not at all sure you will ever get to water, hombre, either in this world or the next," Captain Bill significantly answered. Long experience had taught him that the literal idea of hell was very real to the native of this island. "You are merely getting in training now for what is to come to you," he added.

"What is my crime?" the man asked, maintaining with obvious difficulty his pose of fearlessness

"We will discuss that with you later," the captain responded.

Thruout the long day no mention had been made of why Pedro was held prisoner; no question had been asked regarding the fate of his employer, the American girl; no curiosity displayed as to what brought him alone to this, one of the most dreary spots on the world's surface. Suspense is a terrible weapon. The Americans used it to its fullest power. Without further ado they made the man fast with ropes as he had not been confined since he was first brought in by his captor, and then themselves calmly retired to their piles of blankets, ready against the inevitable chill of the desert night.

Pedro's spirit broke during the night. Probably he dropped into slumber and awoke with a parched throat, which is one of the crudest of Nature's punishments. No man previously well supplied with water is going to suffer grievous physical harm by being without the fluid for twenty hours, even in a dry land where water is meat, drink and stimulant. But a person of imagination, thinking that his condition of thirst is to continue indefinitely, can find all the torments of the damned in such a situation.

In guttural Spanish, thru his cracked lips, Pedro begged for mercy, for a drop of water, for a promise that he was not going to be thirsted to death by his cruel captors. He would tell everything, do all that was asked of him, accomplish any task, to be their slave for life, did they but promise him he was not condemned to death without water.

What actual threatening might have failed to accomplish had been brought about by the mere power of suggestion. The man who had employed it so cleverly arose and kindled a fire, while the professor sat by, not offering to interfere in whatever plan Captain Bill might intend to follow. Pedro's feet were untied and he was led to the blaze and given a scant teaspoonful of water.

"Now, talk. Where is the American girl?" Captain Bill commanded.

"I do not know," the guide answered. Haworth's eyes became savage; for an instant he seemed on the point of abandoning his so far highly successful method of coercion for one of force. In alarm, the Mexican ejaculated:

"Verdad, senor, I do not know. She say come to the Mission Santa Maria. I will be there awaiting you. I get there, but she was not there. I see the marks of a party which has passed on, out to the Llanos, and I follow quickly, because I fear what has happened to her."

Muttering Under His Breath Exclamations in His Native Tongue, the Man Ran for the Hole the Instant He Saw It, Abandoning Caution.

"Why did you leave her?" Captain Bill shot the question at him like a revolver report. "Quick, answer quick!"

"Because she sent me. She sent me back to San Diego to get something from a bank there. She say she had not time to get it before she started and she think maybe she manage without it, but she find she must have it. So I go. She tell me she be at Mason's ranch, where I leave her, but when I get there they say she have gone on and leave word for me to meet her at Santa Maria. I hurry there very fast, because I get in trouble across border if anything happen to her. When I see you people I think you have done her harm. That is why I try to escape from you and turn

out your water, so you must go back to Santa Maria while I hurry to get rurales from Calamyget. This is the truth, senors."

The face of El Lopez was such a sinister one that, in the flashing firelight, it lent uncertainty to what seemed sincerity in his words. For an instant Captain Haworth was silent. Macomber took advantage of the interval to interject a question. His Spanish was not equal to that of his American friend, but the words were carefully framed.

"How many mountain sheep did you kill day before yesterday?" he asked.

Lopez turned on him a puzzled face, confusion both over the change in subject and the strange inquiry spoke in it.

"I kill no sheep, senor," he said simply.

"I reckon it wasn't him," came the captain's comment a moment later. "Pedro, what was it that she sent you after?"

"I do not know, senor, just a little tin box. She gave me an order to the bank man in San Diego. He give it to me and say be very careful with it, it very valuable. I have it there in my pack."

Macomber made his way to the pile which had been dumped from the Mexican's saddle horse and slowly pawed it over.

"In the saddle bag, senor," Pedro instructed.

From the place indicated, the professor drew forth an ordinary small safety-deposit tin box, no different from thousands of its kind in use in all sections of the United States except in that it had a key lock. It was not heavy.

"Did she tell you what was in this, Pedro?" Captain Bill's voice had lost its menace.

"She just say it very important," the Mexican reiterated.

The captain poured the man out another spoonful of the fast dwindling water supply.

"That will have to last you until morning," he announced. "Get back to your pallet and let me tie you up again. If you told the truth you have nothing to fear; if you didn't, God pity your soul, for thirst won't be a circumstance to what you will have to go thru."

The firelight had subsided and silence had prevailed for nearly an hour before a slight stir from his companion's resting place beside his own betrayed to the still wakeful Macomber that the captain's sleep also obstinately refused to return. In a low whisper, the collector said:

"Do you think he told the truth?"

"Yes," came the equally low reply. "Tho one never can bank much on these border Mexicans, they haven't half the honesty of those who live farther inland in their own country." After a little silence he added: "We could easily tell."

"How?" Macomber asked.

"By opening that box. If it contains valuables, gold, jewels, something of that sort, he probably stole it. If it has only private papers, we may accept it that he is telling the truth. If it has nothing of any value, it's a cinch she took that method of getting rid of her guide. But why?"

"Large and juicy interrogation, frequently employed in regard to that female, isn't it," the professor commented.

"She has 'question' written in capital letters all over her," the captain agreed. "This adds a new mystery. We've guessed lost mines, padre's gold, smuggling, embezzlement. But what the devil can she be smuggling this way. I hate to believe that last indictment—but sending to a bank, you know, and—say, young fellow, I've a good notion to take my hatchet to that box and get this thing settled."

"I wouldn't," the professor quietly said.

"Why not?" demanded Captain Bill, who appeared to regard his suggestion as a solution of all his troubles.

"It is her private box, don't forget," Macomber went on. "And, after all, we must remember that the meddling we are trying to do in her affairs has not been invited by the lady herself. If we've satisfied ourselves that Pedro did not make off with her, what more have we to do with this?"

"You are right, of course," the captain was forced to agree.

"That being the case, I intend to get back to my collecting when we reach Santa Maria and wash my hands of the imaginative adventures of this young woman," the professor continued.

"You are also a cold-blooded fish," Captain Bill added. "If we don't find that girl after a reasonable wait at Santa Maria I am going to break open this box to see what it discloses and I am going to follow its tip until I make personally sure that she is all right. Pedro, I'll use in the search. As for yourself, if dead bighorns mean more to you than live girls, suit yourself."

Silence fell upon them, for the professor did not reply. Eventually, in his new found resolution to get back to his own business, Macomber found the satisfaction that brought sleep.

Lopez shared a full portion of the scant supply of water which was doled out the following morning to the five members of the party, before the listless animals, the horses particularly showing the effects of thirst, were made ready for the climb up into the mountains.

But the middle of the forenoon found the party dashing cooling waters upon their faces at a glorious water hole in the arroyo below old Santa Maria mission and restraining the excited animals from too great indulgence. A little later Macomber and the captain, who had thruout the morning exchanged no word as to their future plans, climbed up together to the ruins. Pedro they left securely tied, in the arroyo camp behind them.

No sign of any disturbance of the place since they had broken camp here was revealed to the investigators as they stopped at the spot beside the mission where they had previously made their headquarters. But Captain Bill would not be convinced. He poked hither and thither about the adobe and stone ruins and finally, with his companion close behind him, entered the old stone church.

"Look!" came his almost immediate ejaculation.

The word was not needed. Macomber was already looking at a deep excavation which had been made directly beneath where the altar had once stood. The newness of the upturned soil was not needed to tell Macomber that this was a fresh hole. He remembered distinctly that it had not been here when he took his last look at the church before their departure.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Constance Cranford, 22 and imperious, crossed the border into Lower California it was with injunctions to her guide that she wanted all speed made in their journey to the south and that above all, they must avoid towns.

"Where do you want to go?" asked Pedro Lopez, who in allowing himself to forget his previous obligation to Professor Grant Macomber had looked only at the money dangled alluringly before his avaricious eyes and not at all at the tasks which were to be his in the expedition.

"South," his mistress answered haughtily.

"But south to where, senorita? I must know somewhere, whether by the gulf or the ocean, which camino to take." Pedro objected, not without justification.

"Go to the San Pedro Martir Mountains. When we get there I will tell you where next."

This conversation took place at their first night camp and did not find Pedro in a particularly cheerful frame of mind, for he had been instructed, against all precedent, to put up a tent that the girl had purchased an extra burro for the express purpose of bringing along. Vainly Pedro had protested that it would not rain. What else any person, even a woman, could want of the privacy of her own sleeping tent was beyond his ken. Miss Cranford did not argue the question. Instead, she said, "Right here," indicating the spot she had selected, and turned away as if the subject were settled.

So it was for the particular occasion. But the ugly looks of Pedro as his assistant prepared the evening meal were openly intended to be forbidding. Idly, during the meal, which she ate alone, a little to one side for it was still light, Miss Cranford drew the revolver from her holster and fired into the brush. The

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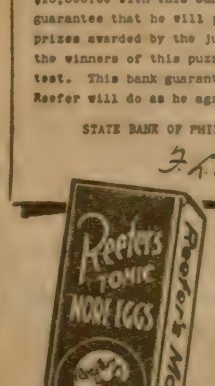

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2 One Dollar Packages for $1.00.
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Economy Size Package for $5.00.
(The Economy Size package contains 20 times as much as the $1.00 size package.
No goods bought during this puzzle contest are subject to exchange, refund or approval.

How many objects beginning with "L" can you find in this picture?

Open to Everybody

A GREAT big bona-fide chance to win $2,000 and 14 other Cash Prizes. Think of what you could do with $2,000 this very minute. Some one will win it! You have the same chance! How simple! Try your skill *NOW!*

Mail at once the names of all the objects you can find in the picture beginning with "L". It costs nothing to try. To the one sending in the largest and nearest correct list of names the first prize will be awarded. To the one sending in the second largest and nearest correct list the second prize will be awarded, etc. In case of tie for any prize offered, the full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.

Costs Nothing to Try

Read the great simplicity of this offer. All you need to do is to look over the objects in the puzzle picture. Get everyone to help you. Get the whole family around. Write out every object beginning with "L", such as Limousine, Lock, etc. Nothing hidden—no need to turn the picture upside down. If the judges decide that your list is nearest correct list—the first prize of $40.00 will be awarded to you even though you do not send an order for "MORE EGGS". But we are giving you a chance to win far more than $40.

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3rd Prize	10.00	75.00	150.00	500.00
4th Prize	10.00	50.00	100.00	250.00
5th Prize	10.00	30.00	60.00	150.00
6th Prize	6.00	20.00	40.00	100.00
7th Prize	6.00	15.00	30.00	80.00
8th Prize	6.00	10.00	20.00	60.00
9th Prize	4.00	10.00	20.00	40.00
10th to 15th	4.00	10.00	20.00	40.00

(In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be given.)

Observe These Rules:

1. Any man, woman, girl, or boy living in America but residing outside of Philadelphia, who is not an employe or relative of an employe of E. J. Reefer may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.

2. All answers must be mailed by post office closing time, Dec. 10, 1921.

3. All lists of names should be written on one side of the paper only and numbered numerically, such as 1, 2, 3. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.

4. Only such words as appear in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use obsolete words. Where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted and vice-versa.

5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects or articles, or parts of objects or articles. An object or article can be named only once.

6. Do not use compound words, nor any words formed by the combination of two or more complete English words, where each word in itself is an object.

7. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects and articles shown in the picture that begin with the letter "L" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style, or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winner.

8. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.

9. There will be three independent judges, having no connection with E. J. Reefer, who will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive.

10. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not an order for Reefer's "More Eggs" is sent.

11. The announcement of the prize winners and the list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to every person sending an order for "More Eggs".

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Repartee.

She—The man who marries me must be bold and daring.

He—Yes, he must.

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The Re-Nu laboratories, which are supplying the extract in America, combine it in tablet form with other powerful tonic and invigorating elements, the product being called "re-nu-tabs." Thousands say it has raised them from weakness and misery to abundant, magnetic vitality and the true joy of living. In fact, the laboratories are so confident of its merit that they invite anybody to try the remedy on the basis of "no results, no pay."

Any reader of this paper may test the "re-nu-tabs" on that basis. Simply send your name and address, without money, to the Re-Nu Laboratories, 403 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo. A full treatment of the remedy will be mailed to you at once. On delivery, deposit only $2 and postage with the postman. If not amazed and delighted after taking the tablets a week, notify the laboratories and your deposit will be refunded in full. As this test offer is fully guaranteed, no one need hesitate about writing for the tablets.—Adv.

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inevitable dog which accompanied Pedro's party, made a dash in the direction of the shot and a little later was dining on a ground squirrel which the girl had potted, apparently merely for the practice. But the face of Pedro changed from menacing to pensive. Not before had his experience introduced him to a white senorita who was also a dead shot with an automatic, a gun with which he failed lamentably to hit anything.

Not all the night was devoted by Pedro to sleeping. Some of it was spent in pondering, as was revealed next day when during the march he reined in close by his employer and insinuatingly inquired:

"Senorita wishes to avoid all the towns or just those with the telephone or telegraph?"

"All," she answered quickly, and added, "my government knows whither I am bound, without the necessity of tracing me thru the towns."

Pedro considered this for a mile. Plainly it interfered with his mental conclusions of the night. Finally he ventured to ask:

"Where are you bound, senorita?"

"To the San Pedro Martir Mountains," she answered smoothly, and dismissed him with a wave ahead.

That evening the tent again became a cause of argument with the indolent Pedro. It was such a foolish thing, when it seldom rained at this season in Lower California; so much wasted labor! Sharply, he was informed his labor was being liberally paid for and that the tent was to go up every night, without further discussion. Pedro's sulking thruout the remainder of the evening had, so far as was noticeable, absolutely no effect upon the peculiarly independent white senorita, who bossed the guide about as few men had dared.

Sullenness became Pedro's accustomed mein. Miss Cranford had him physically cowed. Frequently the girl would give an example of her splendid marksmanship at a rodent or snake along their line of march. But she could not induce the guide to talk, after their first few interviews, and apparently did not want to go to the extent of actually ordering him to answer. To her queries as to where they were headed, Pedro would wave ahead at the mighty bulk of the San Pedro Martir, which was answer enough that he was at least keeping to the direction assigned him. But he could not be drawn into comments on the country that lay about.

Altho she might insist on going around the towns, Miss Cranford was forced to adhere fairly closely to the traveled camino and could not avoid all travelers. For the first few days she held no speech with them, putting a heavy veil about her face when she saw them in the distance. But as Pedro's sullenness deepened, the girl began to talk to those who were met, holding long conversations with such as she found intelligent enough to know of their country. It was thus that her fame became spread to Alamo, which town she insisted on passing thru in the night, since Pedro maintained there was no way of circling it.

Below Alamo, a few days later, the girl's party encountered Captain Bill Haworth. The first man of her own race she had met, and one old enough to be her father, inspired such confidence in Miss Cranford that she ventured questions to him that caused Pedro to prick up his ears, a fact not unnoted by the girl. But the opportunity to learn first-hand of the peninsula she treaded was not to be neglected, and it was not until her questions inspired an anxiety in genial Captain Bill over her purposes, which he was at no pains to conceal—that the girl realized she was disclosing too much of her plans.

One habit in particular the girl had which annoyed her guide. She persistently studied her compass and she made voluminous notes in a little book as they went along. Moreover, she insisted on knowing the name of every town that was passed, every one of the half dozen scattering mines which were visible, every rancho. When answered in grudging fashion with only the names she would note them down, apparently, in her book. Pedro began to regard that little black volume with maglignant eye, possibly regarding it as a spy treasuring up evidence against any outbreak he might make.

An outbreak really did seem imminent as the camino began to thread up the mountain slopes. Pedro was hinting darkly of other contracts that he must fulfill, of his possible inability to go farther with the girl. He ventured the opinion that she was far enough now, "for safety." No one could find her here, he opined. Such was the state of relations between Miss Constance Cranford when the luck of the camino rather than any intention of her guide, led her to the only American ranch within a hundred miles, that of the kindly Masons.

The Mason ranch was a place of running brooks and green meadows, pine trees and mountain airs, in delightful contrast to the barrenness which characterizes almost all the Lower California peninsula except for this one towering range of San Pedro Martir and for the scattered oases farther south. Miss Cranford announced herself fascinated with it and craved and obtained permission of the Masons to make camp in one of their upper meadows.

TO THEM she told, as she asked good-natured Tom Mason innumerable questions, of the difficulty she was experiencing gathering "material." She made friends of the entire family with her sketches and inside one day was on such good terms that her suggestion that she remain here while she sent her guide back to San Diego on an important mission was welcomed with delight.

"It is some maps I have," she confided with open frankness. "They are very old and treasured for associations, so I thought I would not bring them with me because I did not think they would be of any value nowadays. But I guess any kind of a map would be of use in this country. I am going to send Pedro after them, maybe he will be in a better frame of mind on his return."

"If he isn't I'll lick him into one," hulking Tom Mason promised. He was prepared, indeed itching, to do so now, but was restrained by a desire on the part of his entire family to keep the American girl, the first of her sex and nationality ever to visit them alone, here as long as she would remain.

Pedro, who had been loudly protesting on the way hither at the speed his employer constantly urged, now became squally complaining at the delay. Where was the senorita going and did she think she could get there with the speed of her own land? He warned her travel below this point was slow and dangerous. They should be on their way. The guide was, indeed, on the point of threatening a return to north of the border when that very thing was suggested by Miss Cranford, instantly to meet with his reversed, but equally emphatic opposition.

But the girl, hitherto merely commanding, now showed herself a mistress of tact as well of determination. The importance of this task was dilated upon to Pedro. He was to go to a San Diego bank and get a precious box which would be entrusted to him by a banker. Moreover, he must use the utmost speed and secrecy in making the trip. It was a mission not to be entrusted to every one. The production of a fifty-dollar American bill was the final incentive. Puffed with importance, Pedro rode away, his sullenness forgotten, full of promises of an early return.

It was after Pedro's departure that Miss Cranford told the Masons of her careful avoidance of all towns on the way south.

"I had so much trouble getting to come down here exploring at all, that I am suspicious of all male Americans, even you, Mr. Mason," she laughed. "They all tried to tell me it was impossible for a woman to travel alone down here. I thought the immigration officials actually wasn't going to honor my passport, after I have used all sorts of pull to get it. So I was wise. I did not propose to give an officious American mine superintendent or ranch foreman a chance to force me to go back."

She ventured upon a guess, as was subsequently proved well justified, that delightful Captain Bill Haworth intended to "rescue" her, whether or no, and ended with a request that in case of American visitors her presence at the ranch be kept secret and that she be warned so she could remain concealed.

"Won't do no harm to humor her," Tom Mason confided to his better-half. "Of course, I don't intend to let her go no farther myself, but there's no use letting Captain Bill or anybody else butt in until her guide gets back. Maybe by that time she'll change her mind about going on."

Out of deference to this wish of Miss Cranford's, she was duly warned of the presence of Professor Macomber, whom she had not betrayed she knew before. Thru the collector's own anxiety to push on at once she had little trouble remaining out of his sight during his short stay at the Mason ranch.

But the joke that he was the man whose guide she had obtained, but who was nevertheless being hurried south

(Continued on Page 19.)

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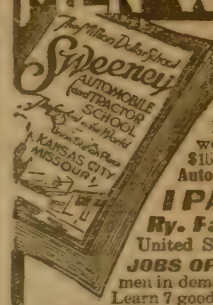

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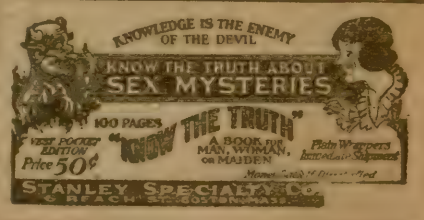

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The Recoil

(Continued From Page 4.)

before?" he demanded.

"Never," was the brief reply. "Doc," how badly am I mussed up, anyhow?"

Doctor Norman Ball, house physician, was leaning over Swaim. "You've got a couple of cracked ribs," my son, and a sprained back," he said. "The ribs won't give you much trouble, but the twisted vertebrae may pain you a good deal, and you are likely to have a weak spot there for some time, but it will come round all right if you take care of it."

Dudson turned, the hypodermic needle in his hand. "Better ease that up," he said gruffly, and handed the needle to Ball.

The sufferer said nothing until after the little operation was completed, but presently he looked up and laughed: "My, the pain has quit! Say, girls, but that was nifty stuff! I feel as balmy as a morning in May!"

Doctor Ball smiled. "Yes, we will have you put to bed in a private room. You will be wanting to sleep in a few minutes. You are the new dispatcher?"

"Yep, night man, fourth trick. Say, Doctor Dudson, would you please look after that busted Lizzie out there among the saplings? Tell the garage people, so they can bring it in?"

Dudson turned from a window where he had been looking out gloomily. "Certainly, I'll attend to it and pay the firm the damage." He began grimly getting into his coat.

"Nix; the wreck is on me. I'm no plute, but I pay my way," said Swaim.

"You saved my machine; I'll settle it." Dudson's tone was throaty, impatient.

"Perhaps, and your grand geewhiz is a sure enough bird, but I didn't take to the bosky dell to save that—not at all; it was the girl. One look at her face was enough; I would have gone over Niagara for her." Dudson did not reply. "Look after him," he snapped over his shoulder to Doctor Ball, and went out.

Judith was in the reception-hall, standing motionless before a tall mirror that was there, looking curiously and steadily at her image in the glass. She turned and came toward Dudson quickly, a glow of inquiry in her eyes. "Is it serious? Is he in pain? Is he going to get well?" she asked, anxiously.

Dudson turned on her roughly. In her white anxiety she seemed hardly to see him. "He's all right," he blurted thickly. He stiffened himself to say more, but her expression was so alien, so remote from him, that he turned and tramped out, slamming the door behind him.

The girl looked at the door vaguely, as if some outer portion of her mind recognized and wondered at his behavior, while the heart of her consciousness was busy with a larger fact. She suddenly turned toward the inner rooms, hastening, expectant, a smiling light of ecstasy upon her face.

* * * * * * * *

IT WAS a white night. On high, stars in blue spaces and a bent moon swimming in frothy scud; below these a broad-spreading midwinter world of snow. Carl Swaim came hurriedly out of the front door of the Jayne house followed by Judith. They were laughing happily. Kissing her hand gallantly, he ran down the steps and hurried away, cheerily calling back, "Sweet dreams!" thru the frosty air.

It was nearly 11 o'clock; he must be on duty soon. As he went down the long slope toward the town he glanced about him at the wide landscape, white, mystical, dim, and up at the glittering stars with a feeling of awe. Judith had been reading to him about the solar system and the unheard music of the turning worlds.

"What beautiful, astonishing, crazy stuff she does believe!" he mused.

Doctor Dudson, muffled in a great fur coat and cap, swept by him in his car, going down into the town. The dry snow spilled from the whirling autowheels like froth.

"Poor Doc!" Swaim thought. "'We never speak as we pass by!' Well, my appearance on the scene, I guess, cut an awful gash in his plans. When I think of what he has lost—well, I certainly would like to make amends."

Ten minutes later, as he came down the main street of the town he met Dudson face to face. He stepped in front of him with a smile.

"Hello, Doc," he said, "I was just thinking of you! Don't see you very often. I'm in need of a tonic of some kind. My back bothers me and I get awfully tired. You could fix me up a prop of some sort, couldn't you?"

Dudson glared at him resentfully a moment, then into his face came a swift gleam that was almost a smile. "Certainly; come up to the office," he said with seeming nonchalance, but his words shook in his throat.

When the lights had been snapped on, Swaim dropped into a big chair and looked about him. Dudson flung his great fur coat upon a divan and glanced sharply at the pale face of the young dispatcher.

The doctor had grown measurably older in aspect, his features looked heavier, the corners of his strong mouth dragged downward and a frown clung between his eyes.

"You say you get tired?" he queried dryly.

"Yes; you know my job is sort of intense, as Judith says, and by the time morning comes I am generally wabbly both in mind and legs. I don't like to handle trains when in that shape; it is hardly right, you know. I don't get enough sleep; it is sort of unnatural to sleep in daytime, I think; it doesn't seem to rest one; besides, it is rather noisy over at the Pandler House, where I board."

"Yes, I understand; probably a tonic would help you. I'll get you something."

He entered a small supply-room, a narrow place with bottle-crowded shelves along the walls and a dusty window at the end. He stood before the shelves for a few moments, his blood on fire. His opportunity had come! Like a gleaming fissure in a black wall, his long, brooding and hatred had suddenly opened on the light! Now what if this pretty puppy himself drank from the cup of suffering, tasted the bitterness of defeat? What if Judith Jayne saw him a wrecked fool instead of as a young god? Perhaps in the end her eyes might be opened to—some one stronger and of larger manhood!

No; what he contemplated would be criminal and dangerous, perhaps even dangerous to his own repute, if found out. And yet, here was his opportunity, open invitation, a promise of revenge and victory! What was human life, anyway, but a chemical reaction, a mode of motion, which, being stilled, no longer existed? Faugh! Why be squeamish about this lapdog that had bitten him? Why not throw the virus in the path and let him destroy himself, if he was weak enough?

Something like this swept thru his consciousness as he stood there; not clearly mentated debate, but hot hatred and jealousy turning emotion into a substitute for reason. He quickly took a jar of tiny grayish tablets from a shelf and filled a small bottle with them, wrapped the bottle up and stepped out.

"I think this will do the work. Take but one tablet at a time and only when you are tired," he said, handing the little package to Swaim. His manner was almost indifferent, his voice dry and casual.

Swaim thrust the packet in his pocket as he arose. "How much, Doc?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter—one dollar. Thanks. If you don't get permanently better, perhaps you may as well come in again." He turned away.

"All right, Doc. Good night."

WHEN the young man had clattered down the stairs and there was silence, Dudson threw himself into a chair and thrust a black cigar between his lips. As he lighted it his hand shook and his eyes glittered red in the flare of the burning match.

Toward morning Carl Swaim drew back from the train-sheet. Five hours of weaving orders that guided and governed trains speeding upon ninety miles of track, had left him spent. He gripped a hand upon the back of his aching neck and straightened himself, then thought of Dudson's medicine. He took out the little bottle of tablets; it was unmarked and the contents were in appearance as innocent as sugar. He threw one of the tablets upon his tongue and resumed his work. After a time he was conscious of a feeling of peculiar restfulness, of bland serenity and clarity of mind. His task seemed easier.

"Well," was his mental comment, "that sad old sorehead is certainly some doctor! Quinine with a trace of strychnine, I suppose. Well, I am strong for him, even if he is a grouch!"

Then night after night as the weeks went by he took the tonic, and gradu-

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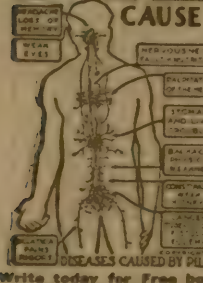

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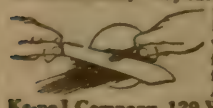

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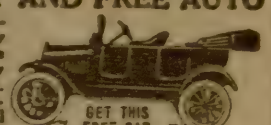

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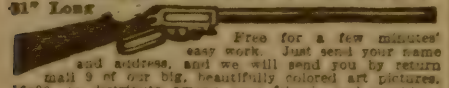

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ally, almost imperceptibly, slipped into the invisible abyss. What from his love of Judith and the pleasurable effect of this insidious intoxicant his road of life came to seem a new and delightful way. At first he availed himself of the wizard medicine only when he was weary at his task, then he began to find himself restless and vaguely unnerved in the afternoon, and took another tablet. Each alternate evening he came to the Jayne house for, like Judith, he was orphaned and alone.

For the most part the girl found him joyous and singularly alert, but at intervals he was moody and erratic. This she attributed to the taxing exactions of his labor. Her own faith, extreme as seemed her conceptions, was fixed and constant; she found that he believed easily and with fiery enthusiasm, then as easily doubted or forgot. He lacked stability, something in him which before had been fixed and strong now seemed wavering and weak. One afternoon in May, as she sat upon the porch reading, he bounded up the steps and found a place beside her. He was sanguine, almost hilarious.

"You are in a more cheerful mood than when you last were here; you are not so tired?" she asked, scanning his face in smiling tenderness.

"No; and you look particularly beautiful," he assured her. "At times to me it actually seems true that we knew and loved each other in a former life, as you have been telling me. When you turned your head I saw it in profile, as I came up the steps just now, I felt sure of it—for an instant I actually seemed to remember!"

"Why, of course," she laughed. "Our love here was at first sight, in an instant, then it must have been a continuation of a former love; it was recognition, a flash of the old attachment leaping out from the inner soul in that perilous first moment of our meeting. It has always seemed perfectly clear to me."

"I confess it looks so now, but at times it seems awful nutty stuff to me—this idea of reincarnation."

"Why, how can it be otherwise? It is a fact in nature. All life reincarnates continually, otherwise every animate thing would become extinct. There could be no evolution, and the planet would become a ball of dead ashes were it not for the law of rebirth. The only real question is, of course, whether we survive death as individuals, and I haven't had a doubt of that since the moment I saw your soul flash out from your face that day over near Leafy Ledge. Before you came I was not wholly sure, but now I am."

He sat beside her with her hand in his. He looked down at the engagement ring which he had placed upon her finger a few weeks after they met. "Then you feel sure we were married before, in a former life, and this is going to be just a continuation?" he asked.

"Certainly; how could our relationship be what it is if that were not so? Do strangers spring to each other's arms at the first meeting? We leaped to each other because we were lovers—long separated. Don't you see?"

"But I am not the same man, the one before! There's the rub! Hands, feet, face, body, all are new and different—I am not that kid you——"

"Your body is not really you, Carl; your soul is you, absolutely. Bodies come and go, souls are individual and immortal. Souls marry, really; if they don't there is no actual marriage. Ours is going to be actual, you know!" She pressed his hand, laughing happily.

"Lord, but we are dippy!" he laughed. "Just think of it—maybe we have loved each other thousands of years! It's wonderful! I bet I've strained your loyalty many times!"

"Maybe, but it never broke. You did some remarkable thing for me—I don't know what it was—but I feel it. I can probably never pay the debt." She looked at him tenderly, almost worshipfully.

"Just love me; that's enough; and forgive me when I sin," he said, half sadly. "How about sin, anyhow, in your scheme?"

"A sin of the body—well, that should be easy to forgive; but a sin of the soul, that is more serious and more difficult. But the soul is everything, Carl; for that all things must be forgiven, all things endured."

"My, but I like your religion, or philosophy, or whatever you call it! Makes it look easy sledding for me!" He rose and danced down the porch and back, singing gayly.

"Don't count too much on my talk," she smiled. "Talk and performance do not always go hand in hand."

"I'll trust you for that! Lord, if my dear old Indiana parents were alive and knew the crazy stuff I believe, they'd——"

"They are alive—and they know—and they understand," she said quickly.

"Of course! I forgot that people don't really die! Here, let's go walking, down to Willow Hollow, and look for wild roses. This is the time of year. Come on!"

SOME days after that he began to awaken, to be more clearly aware of his deadly plight. Something that he read in a newspaper relating the characteristics of drug-users shocked him into analysis of himself. Then from the blight that was creeping upon him he arose in keen alarm and thought to shake himself free. He found himself hideously chained. When he went to Dudson, finally, for more of the magic wafers he demanded to be told what the tonic really was. He was frightened, he must know.

"It is only the chief alkaloid of opium; it won't hurt you, not from now on!" sneered the Doctor with insulting brevity, and opening the door, he motioned the young man to go. To his own amazement Swaim walked away without protest. The Doctor chuckled brutally; Swaim's obvious deterioration delighted him like music.

The tall youth was beginning to have a parched, unnatural cast, and bore himself less erectly, less buoyantly. "The chief alkaloid of opium?" He went directly to the public library, a wolf of fear at his heels. When he had read that morphine was opium's chief alkaloid his blood ran cold with horror. The very sky seemed to fall about him in blackness. He had become that despised and leperous thing, a morphine eater! It was monstrous, insufferable, hideous! He went out of the library hurriedly, half-blindly. He would go straight and take the life of the man who had done him this unspeakable evil!

He almost ran to his room and procured a revolver. But when he stood at the door of Dudson's office he found himself weak and craven. If Dudson came to the door he, Swaim, might shoot him, then his reward would be imprisonment, maybe death! Then Judith would know what he was, then all men would know! Publicity — dishonor — contempt! They seemed to arise about him, ponderable, concrete, suffocating. He shrank in terror. He who formerly would have fought any man to the death, if wronged, had become spineless, vacillating, bankrupt of courage. Doctor Dudson, aware of the drug effect, had measured for his own safety and Swaim's destruction with a nicety that was devilish.

The youth went down into the street furtively and away toward the fields. He felt befouled, outcast, low. When he was alone in a grove at the edge of the town he took the phial from his pocket; he would take some of the stuff and rise above this engulfing horror! But for the moment he could not; sight of the poppy-poison revolted him. He threw the bottle from him, but went pantingly and found it in the grass and clutched it hungrily, then he flung it away again. He knew a pathway out, the final road leading from despair! He took the pistol in his hand and regarded it with frightened eyes. How terrible! He summoned all his strength, but could not do the deed. He remembered how Judith had read to him that suffering was sadly increased by suicide, by reason of the more vivid consciousness of the next plane after death and the sharp reaction inseparable from the breaking of a great natural law. Yet, it seemed to him that he might thus escape had he but the will and courage. But alas, those vital virtues seemed wilted and dead within him!

He hid the revolver in the rotting hollow of a tree, found the bottle of poison, took two of the tablets and presently, as soothing strength crept along his twanging nerves, felt himself to be astute, plausible, histrionic, capable of achieving admirable things. Little by little he would govern himself and no one should ever know. A faint color crept to his chalky cheeks, his dull eyes began to glow, and he walked confidently back toward the town.

But at the end of three weeks when, after a frightful mental struggle, he went to Dudson for more of the baneful drug, the destroyer openly rebuffed him. "Your proper business is to get away from this region before you are found out!" was Dudson's acrid comment. "I am thru with you! Go off somewhere—to the Chinese quarter in Chicago; you can get it there and live and enjoy yourself unknown and unmolested. I won't run the risk of giving you any more; I can't afford to!"

Swain clutched him with quivering fingers and preyed and implored, but the doctor demurred. Finally he said: "I will give you one more supply if you will take a train out of here within twelve hours and get the stuff somewhere else. Will you do it?"

"My God, yes!" panted Swaim. "I'll go away—to Chicago, anywhere you say—only give me the medicine! If I don't have it I can't live; I'll go crazy and be found out!"

Another installment of this interesting story will appear in the Ledger next week. The story is in two parts, and its concluding developments are the big part of the unusual narrative, embracing as they do a charming girl's peculiar views on the reincarnation of souls, humanity's previous existence in other worlds, and the problems of a shattered drug addict reclaiming himself. Don't miss the highly entertaining finish of the popular author's remarkable story.

The White Lily Murder

(Continued From Page 11.)

a woman in distress, felt a wild impulse to put his arms about Hosanna and comfort her, and tell her that, just as soon as they were married, they would get a farm in the Berkshires and never, never calculate the science of probabilities again.

That farm, which Jones had been upon the verge of purchasing after he failed to see Vintner hiding in the clothes closet, was one of his elusive dreams. In his mind there existed the vision of a certain super-pig, known technically as the Gloucester Old Spot, which reproduced its kind at an incomparable rate, and, reared on the open-air system, brought fame and fortune to its lucky possessor.

In the instant's vision he seemed now to see this super-pig and its innumerable progeny rooting among the Berkshire hills, while Hosanna and he, their arms interlocked, honeymooned upon the porch of a rustic bungalow with honeysuckle drooping over them.

At that moment Jones did not care a sixpence for all the variables in Hades. As Prometheus defied Jupiter, so he was prepared to defy the immutable laws of probability and ask Hosanna to be his wife, on the slim 7 per cent chance of the third time of asking.

It was not his mathematics, but his decent instincts that held him from plunging against the inevitable. He had committed himself to the freeing of Goodloe, for Hosanna's sake, because she loved him.

If the reader, at this point in the story, can name the actual perpetrator of the murder, he or she can boast of keener detective ability than could either Inspector Clay, with all his experience in that line, or the genial and modest Mr. Jones, with his strange mathematical charts and knowledge of the law of "variables," apparently. Perhaps their suspicions toward Vintner are well founded; possibly the nephew, Goodloe, is the guilty person. Again, some one else may have had a motive in doing away with the victim of the foul crime. Those readers who would test their talents at deductions might write the name of the guilty one—according to their present belief—and seal it up in a dated envelope, and follow the mystifying story to its end. Another big installment next week.

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Prof.—What is it?

E. S.—When she needed money, professor——

Prof.—Yes, yes.

E. S.—And she was in full armor——

Prof.—Continue——

E. S.—How did she reach her stocking?

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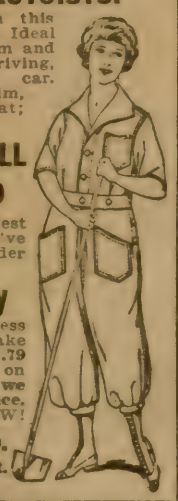

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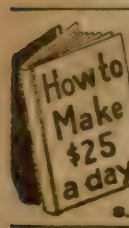

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HOPE'S BUSY DAY

(Continued From Page 6)

fatuated with the Comte d'Yvoir? Had he seen in Hope, the scion of an old Virginia family, that safe and wealthy haven in which he desired his daughter to drift? And—on top of that—was the gray thatched Disciple of Poverty lurking somewhere in the outer gloom ready to send a bullet in his unsuspecting head?

What the deuce was keeping Conklin?

Those troubles were not all, either. Even if he succeeded in placating the Carlisles and escaping a breach of promise suit there was his ten million dollars to smooth over with Faith. No Disciple of Poverty could think of such a vast personal fortune without a shudder. Faith might be persuaded, but she would have to be coached into the proper frame of mind. That was the idea in bringing her to the Blue Pigeon Inn. What wretched luck to run into the one person who was ten times as dangerous as the most inquisitive journal in New York City!

Suddenly Hope cocked his ear toward the dining-room, for he heard Faith's voice in a subdued cry of fright.

His own troubles dropped out of mind instantly. His first thought was that Homer Dawson had come back, and was harming her. He ran to the door. By one of the big French windows stood a blocky man with a handkerchief across the lower part of his face. In one hand was an automatic. A bandit, undoubtedly, but certainly not Homer Dawson.

The diners sat stiffly in their chairs, arms extended over their heads, looking at the weapon Hope slipped outside to the porch, and tiptoed along the line of French windows. He kept beyond the edge of light, for, if they saw him, the diners' expression might betray him to the bandit. Nothing happened, however. Henry reached the window directly behind the hold-up man, and threw it open with a bang that shattered the glass. One hand reached out and secured a convincing grip on the revolver.

With a smothered oath the bandit twisted around until his frightened eyes met Henry's.

Then he hissed: "It's me—your chauffeur, James. For the love of Mike let me go. Mr. Conklin framed this——"

The truth of the matter instantly flashed on Henry Hope, but it would not do to drop the battle at its most interesting phase. That would be certain to arouse suspicion. One could not apologize for having dropped in on a perfectly private little holdup. Again he had to think quickly, for he had gone into the fray without thinking that Blanche would have a perfectly splendid view of him as he stood in the window.

"Take a punch at me," he whispered. "I'll fake a fall, and you can make a getaway."

James followed that advice a bit too literally. The butt of his automatic smacked Henry beneath the left eye, and down he went. The amateur bandit hurdled his prostrate body, and disappeared in the darkness.

When consciousness came wavering back to Hope's darkened brain he felt the cloth of a skirt against his cheek. He opened his eyes and managed to make out, rather vaguely, Faith's worried visage bent close to his. After a bit he discerned Tommy Conklin's disgusted face in the background, but Blanche Carlisle had disappeared.

"Well," he muttered, "that was pretty clumsy of me. Why didn't I duck?"

"Yes," said Tommy darkly. "Why didn't you?"

Faith turned on him in a flash. "It was brave—brave. He did his best."

With something of an effort, Henry got to his feet, and assisted by his companion in trouble, went to his room. There the swollen optic was treated and bandaged. Tommy Conklin was naturally angry at the failure of his plan, and expressed himself with some bitterness.

"It came to me on the spur of the moment," he said. "You couldn't keep out of Miss Carlisle's way if she stayed here, so I thought it would be a good idea to have James kidnap her, and take her away. Our homemade bandit would be facing a twenty-year term right now if he had not whanged you."

Hope protested. How was a man to guess that such a fantastic plot had been hatched? Apparently Mr. Conklin developed his ideas from the "Diamond Dick" species of literature.

"Nothing of the sort," said that gentleman stiffly. "Could you have thought of anything better on the spur of the moment?"

Rather wearily Henry admitted that he could not.

TOMMY went downstairs to see if the coast was clear. Apparently it was, so they went back to the dining-room to finish their supper. Blanche had seen Hope. There could be no doubt of that, but they were not anxious for the denouement to occur yet.

The meal was disposed of in a buzz of excitement. Much to Henry's embarrassment the girls insisted on making a hero of him. Part of his time he spent in protesting against their panegyrics, and the rest in a nervous watch on the dining-room door to see if Blanche would return.

An hour later Faith and Mrs. Tommy went to their room, and Conklin wandered out to ascertain the state of James' nerves. So Henry cuddled down in a chair under the Colonial stairway. He needed the luxury of a moment in which nothing happened or was likely to happen.

A nice situation to face! At any moment that frock-coated and murderous Disciple of Poverty might casually drop in to cut his throat. If Faith learned the truth she would probably break their engagement. If Blanche unearthed the facts a breach of promise suit would certainly result. Yesterday—as a hard working private secretary—he had nothing but the normal worries of life and a desire to make money. Well, he had the money now, and he had earned most of it in these fleeting hours.

Hope mixed a sigh with a yawn. His cigar went out. He fumbled for a match, then sleepily decided that he did not want it. With the relaxing of his nerves he dropped into a doze.

The patter of feet on the stairway brought Henry upright. There was but one light burning in the hall, and it etched grotesque shadows everywhere. Confused, Hope rubbed his sleep-filled eyes.

The door leading to the office was an oblong patch of light. As the young man stood there, heavy-eyed, he saw a slim figure in a dolman cross the hall, and silhouette itself against the glare of the office. Quite naturally he supposed that Blanche had come down to require an explanation of him. So he stepped forward, determined to make a clean breast of the whole matter.

He called her name in a quiet voice.

CHAPTER VI.
FROM 11 TO 12.

THE girl turned slowly, her left hand resting on the jamb of the door. Henry looked at that hand with a quizzical smile. The third finger was adorned with a brilliant solitaire. When Miss Carlisle understood what prompted his gaze she flushed, but her eyes met his steadily enough.

He repeated his question.

"I am running away with Comte d'Yvoir," the girl said quietly. "It is settled that we are to be married."

Henry's first impulse was to utter three cheers. That eliminated all chances of a breach of promise suit, and left him free with Faith. However, he curbed his enthusiasm, and asked if she did not think he deserved an explanation.

"Of course you do." Her attitude was less that of the pampered butterfly of fashion than Henry had ever seen. "It must seem frightfully common, but there really didn't seem to be any other way out. I have been engaged to Jacques—the Comte, you know—for, oh, for ages. At first dad didn't seem to mind. A title wasn't a bad sort of thing to have in the family, he thought, if it would not cost him any money. Then he learned that Jacques' income was not more than a paltry seventy-five thousand francs a years, and he told me very determinedly that our relations must be severed."

She stopped, and poked a refractory curl under her hat.

"Go on," said Henry.

"Dad had no one in particular in mind for me, but he only insisted that there be lots of money and an honorable name. You had the name and he liked

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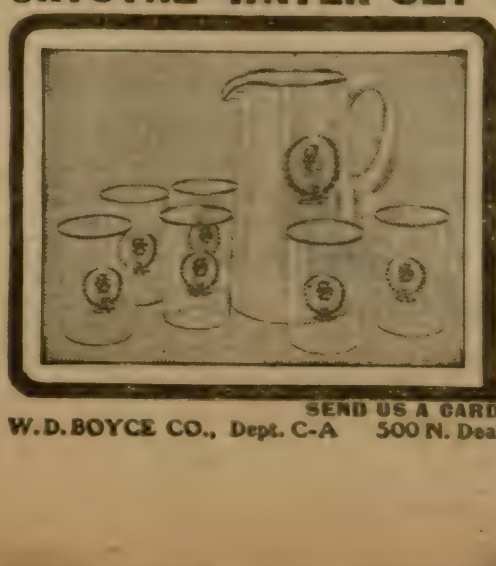

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you—but the money was lacking, and he never gave you a thought. However, there were apparently some jokers in the office who pretended that you were in love with me—probably to annoy you. Daddy heard of it. This morning, while you were on your way to Moon-Acres for the papers, Mr. McComber came to the office, and told him all about your inheritance. That, combined with the office-joke made him think of you as my fiance. He telephoned me and informed me that matters had been arranged and that I was to come to town at once. Naturally, I was frightened—startled, for Jacques had the license and the ring. I immediately communicated with the Comte. He suggested that it might be a trick, and said that he would drop in at dad's office to have a talk with you."

"He did," said Hope grimly, "and if he had not been so brusque I would have told him exactly how matters stood, and so saved you all this trouble. It probably is lese majesty to admit it, but I don't love you, Blanche."

She was hurt for a moment in her acquisitive instinct—the hearts of men having been her property since girlhood. Then the flush faded from her cheeks, and she smiled.

"I am glad of it, Henry, for then neither of us will worry. However, Jacques and I arranged our plan. I was to agree to anything that daddy suggested in order to allay suspicion, and we were to run away tonight. We wanted a quiet, secluded spot as a meeting place. I recalled having heard dad speak of the Blue Pigeon Inn at Skippack Rock, where his employes once held a dinner. I suggested meeting Jacques here."

"Where is he?"

The eyes of the most beautiful woman in America clouded. "He isn't here yet—and I am frightfully afraid that something has happened to him."

"Nonsense!" Hope reassured her. "You sit down in my chair. I'll look around for him."

She thanked him with her eyes.

Hope strolled out on the porch, sniffing the fragrant night breeze. A million stars winked down at him as tho to sardonically suggest that he still sat on the knees of the gods. Up the road, from the direction of New York, came the roar of a racing engine and a flaming headlight cutting a keen-edged silvery path before it. Was it the motor that had pursued them from the city, or was it the Comte d'Yvoir come to claim his bride?

The big car slithered to a spectacular stop before the Blue Pigeon Inn. A stocky figure in dust coat and cap bounced out, and pranced majestically up the steps. Henry Hope called on the name of his Maker in holy awe.

The newcomer was not Homer Dawson or the Comte d-Yvoir, but Kingsley Gould Carlisle himself!

The president of the International Exporting Company was apparently just as surprised to meet Hope as Henry was to see him. They stared at each other in mutual astonishment; began to speak at the same time, and simultaneously fell silent. Then Carlisle, as was his habit, edged in the first word:

"I'm blanked glad to see you, Henry. Are you after 'em, too?"

"After them?" Hope looked at his former employer. "After whom?"

"Why, Blanche and that Frenchman. I got the tip that she was running away with the double-dashed blighter in my limousine. I chased it most of the way from New York, banging away at the tires with my pistol. Then my own rubber went flat and I had to stop. I must say that you take this pretty calmly. Your fiancee is running away with another man—and you stand there like a blanked piece of ice."

From his angle Henry could see Blanche's frightened face. She made a pleading gesture that he understood. He decided to help her ouut.

"You are all wrong, Mr. Carlisle," he said, with a hollow sort of laugh. "You made a mistake. I was in the car you were chasing—and Blanche—Blanche"—his voice rumbled into the back of his throat—"simple little wedding, you know—romantic to elope, and all that rot—oh, Blanche, come on out. Your dad thinks you are running away with some count or other"

Like a naughty little girl, Blanche came from behind the stairway, and linked her arm in Henry's.

"You foolish old dad," she said. "Don't you think that a girl ever wants a little romance in her life? There are some things not measureable by dollars."

The president of the International Exporting Company looked at his daughter grimly.

"I can sense something that is not on the surface," he grunted. "I don't know what it is, but it's there. You wanted to elope, and, by gad! you've done it. All right. That part of the romance is O. K. but we will give it a little different ending. I brought a minister along with me—just as an emergency measure, you know. He will marry you right here—and I will give away the bride myself. You couldn't ask for anything fairer than that, could you?"

Henry and Blanche looked at each other.

"N-no," she said.

Kingsley Gould Carlisle became animated. "I'll have the Reverend Jones in right away. We can certainly find a witness or two—ah, there is a lady coming downstairs now. Pardon me, madame, but we are going to have a wedding here. Could I trouble you to be one of the witnesses?"

Faith Kessler stopped on the Colonial stairway, looked down at him and smiled. "Of course. Emergencies require desperate measures, don't they? Who is to be married?"

"My daughter and this gentleman—Mr. Hope."

The instant he had seen Faith on the stairs Henry knew that the game was up—that his day-long fight was in vain. His country sweetheart turned on him, suddenly tense and white-faced.

"Then—you don't love me! Ah, I knew something would happen if I gave you that money. Homer Dawson was right. It is a curse."

"Money! What money?"

"Your supposed inheritance from Uncle Turner. It wasn't from him. It was from me! . . . They found oil on our farm, and gave me ten millions for it. I was afraid them . . . afraid. Homer Dawson and all the rest of the Disciples urged me not to take it. They said it was evil. I was not afraid of them, but of you . . . I knew how proud you were . . . and I was afraid that pride would not let you marry me if I had so much. So I sent for Mr. McComber, and had him arrange that the money appear to come to you from you uncle . . . and, the place on the Drive, so I could come as your secretary, and see . . ." She began to cry silently.

CHAPTER VII.

MIDNIGHT—AND AFTER.

HENRY wanted to speak—to tell every one exactly what he had in mind. At the same time he desired to give Blanche an opportunity to make her getaway with the Comte d'Yvoir. For once in her rather pampered existence, however, Miss Carlisle did not think exclusively of herself. She spoke up promptly and told Faith the entire status of the affair, while Kingsley Gould growled and rumbled and grew red as a turkey's wattles. At length he burst into a roar:

"I won't be flouted by any blank person in the world, and I don't give a double-blanked dash if you don't love each other. Do you hear? You are going to marry her, Hope, because I selected you for her husband if for no other dashed reason in the world. I tell you I won't have her marry that pauper Frenchman."

"That is just whom I intend to marry," said Blanche coolly.

"Bravo, ma cherie," called the Comte d'Yvoir from the doorway. "We should like your blessing on our union, but we will be married whether we have it or not."

Mrs Tommy Conklin, in a kimona and with her hair down her back, and who stood on the stairs with her husband, applauded impulsively. Almost on the heels of her delight came a shriek from Faith Kessler. For in the doorway towered the figure of Homer Dawson, his gaunt, heavily furrowed face set with grim purpose. He held a tin can that had evidently been opened and resoldered. From it came an ominous tick-tock—tick-tock.

"Cursed children of Baal," he grated. "In a dream the Angel of Wrath came and commanded me to kill—not only that unbeliever, Hope, who would spread the seed of discontent against the Disciples of Poverty—but all of you. You talk of marriage and giving in marriage, but at midnight I shall throw this bomb on the floor and every shattered soul of you will be in hell."

They stood there motionless—the whole group; Kingsley Gould pasty-cheeked and gasping; Faith and Mrs. Tommy on the stairs, wide-eyed with fear; the Comte d'Yvoir, with his hand still resting on Blanche's shoulder; Conklin, tense muscled and anxious to attack, but restrained by his wife's pleading eyes, and Hope, leaning with apparent carelessness on the back of his chair.

That carelessness was more apparent than real, for Henry had no intention or desire of standing idly by while this Disciple of Poverty blew all of them into eternity. He glanced furtively at the hall clock. It marked just three minutes to the hour. Three minutes in which to get a bomb away from a fanatic afflicted with homicidal mania!

"Do something, do something," groaned Carlisle. "For God's sake, Henry, save us from this fool. I'll agree to anything if you do."

Hope began to inch forward. He had overpowered Dawson once that day, but a bomb was a much more dangerous weapon of destruction than a pistol. He shuddered at the thought of what would become of them all if he should knock it out of the Disciple's hand in the struggle. But that chance must be accepted. It was better than waiting like a sheep for the butcher. Inch by inch he bettered his position . . . and then Homer Dawson turned on him. The baleful eyes smoldered with hate. The bomb was lifted above his head.

"You infidel," shouted the fanatic. "You would escape the fate that is marked out for you. I shall not wait until 12. You shall die now."

And, with all his might, he flung the bomb at Henry's feet!

Nothing happened. The can struck the hardwood floor with a tinny sound, and rolled toward the wall. Hope picked it up and flung it out of the window. In another jump he was on the angular Disciple of Poverty. The battle was brisk for the minute or two it lasted. When it ended Dawson was trussed up in a corner, at the end of his trouble-making career, and the tin can which contained nothing but a battered clock had been examined, and thrown scornfully away.

* * * * * * *

An hour later Henry and Faith bid each other good night on the porch of the Blue Pigeon Inn. In spite of the inspiration of her presence, Hope could not quite suppress a yawn.

"Forgive me, honey," he whispered. "This has been my busy day, and I am frightfully tired. Luckily, it has turned out all right. Blanche and Jacques were wise enough to slip away just as we tied up Brother Dawson. They have probably routed up some sleepy justice of the peace, and are married by this time. But, if Kingsley Gould's word is any good—and it usually is—he'll forgive them. I tied him down to that promise he made when Homer had us covered with the bomb. He said that he would agree to anything if I saved him from the maniac. So I made him promise to forgive Blanche——"

"It is fine," said Faith sleepily, "and finer yet that we have learned to know each other, and will marry and do good with that money you are big enough to take with me——" She patted her lips to check a rising yawn. "It has been a busy day, hasn't it, dear?"

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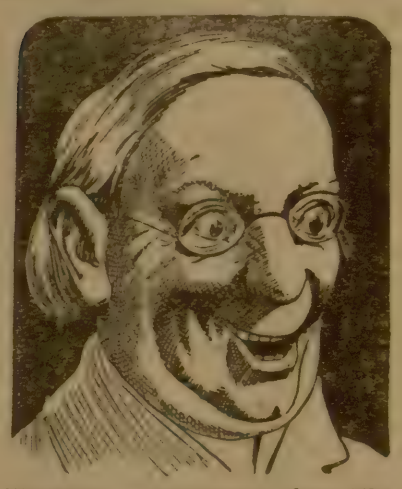

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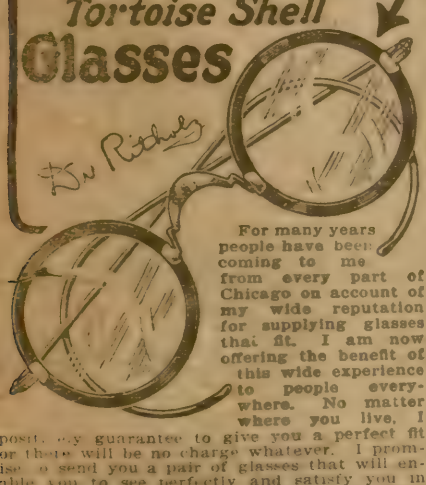

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El Camino's Mystery Girl

(Continued From Page 14)

by Captain Bill Haworth to hunt for her, was too good to keep. With many chuckles it was revealed to her at dinner the next day and occasioned a complete chance in her attitude of lazy enjoyment of the delights of the little mountain ranch. The girl was now all impatience to be off to the south. At first her proposal was to push on alone with her mozos and have Pedro sent on after her. But she ended up, in the face of Tom Mason's bland refusal to let her attempt anything so foolhardy, by making him a most alluring financial proposal if he would guide her himself.

Tom was obdurate. But before night his wife had by some secret means been won over by the high-spirited American girl.

"You might as well go along, Tom," she told her husband, "or she'll be slipping out of here by moonlight some night, she's that determined. We don't want her precious blood on our hands. Besides, the money she offers you will be more than you're worth around here. You know me and the kids can do all the work that is necessary right now."

Mason consented, but not until after he had had an earnest talk with Miss Cranford. In his brusque manner he got to the heart of things with small delay.

"Miss," he said, "you've got some object in wanting to get down there to Santa Maria. What it is is no business of mine. I'm going along just to see you get there and back safe. But I have got to know this: Is your hurry because you want to get there ahead of this bighorn bug? Do we have to contract to pass him?"

Equally frankly, she responded:

"No, merely want to get there as soon as he does and keep him in sight, if possible, without his knowing I am anywhere around. You will know my object in coming here, some time. I can't tell you now. But I am afraid that this man may interfere with it—it does not sound logical to me that a man would be so keen after either mountain sheep or lost girls, as to take that long trip with no other object."

Never probably since the days when Padres Kino and his fellow priest dodged the bad Indians and the bad Indians dodged them, in the 1600s, had Lower California been the scene of such a game of hide-and-seek as an American girl played with an American game collector, down a third of the length of the dreary peninsula. It was a game unsuspected by one participating party, tho they were, as the prisoners knew, perilously near to discovering it several times.

Once Mason, who had never been over the particular camino which went via Santa Maria, lost the way entirely. But by exercise of a developed bump of direction he not only succeeded in getting back to the trail by keeping straight ahead, but also made such a cut-off that Miss Cranford's party came out ahead of the game collector. This was immediately suspected at the next water hole, and haste taken to detour into the wilderness of cacti to a dry camp, from which Macomber and his party were subjected to close observation as they stopped at the tinaja over night.

This incident occurred within the last day's march of Santa Maria and was sufficient warning that it was time for excessive caution. Mason was all for moving into the water hole and remaining there with the outfit, while he, or possibly Miss Cranford, went ahead to watch the leading party.

"You know what you want 'em to do or don't want 'em to do," he said pointedly, "so perhaps you better keep tabs on 'em."

Secretly, the big-hearted rancher was more than a little aggravated that he had not been taken into the confidence of the girl in the long trip south. Tho on everything else they became the best of congenial conversationalists, that one subject was taboo.

"Remaining behind is a good idea, I think," the young woman agreed, "but I believe we should keep our camp concealed where it is. There is no telling how suddenly this Professor Macomber may decide to start back when he finds I am not there, for he indicated to you he was not at all keen for his errand down here. I will go ahead, if you don't mind, for I want to do a little hunting myself."

Mason regarded her steadily, but no facial trace intimated that the word "hunt" was used in other than a sense applying to wild game. With less misgivings than would have been his before he had learned, thru their journeying together, of Miss Cranford's entire ability to look out for herself, Mason saw her depart in the early morning. She was not to be back until the night of the second day thereafter. But by midafternoon of the next day she rode into camp, in the most highly excited condition he had ever seen her manifest.

Only a few hours before something had happened to give Mason concern. He had seen, from his comfortable observation post, the passage along the camino of Captain Bill Haworth in his hurried progress south. Consequently Mason's first question to the young woman was:

"Did you see Captain Bill?"

"Yes, but he did not see me. It was pure luck, I caught a glimpse of him as I was coming down from the heights on foot. Luckily I had hid my mule well off the camino."

"What were you doing on the mountains?" the astonished rancher asked.

"Hunting." Miss Cranford's face became wreathed in smiles. "I killed my first bighorn ram—two of them in fact."

"Good. Some mountain mutton will taste mighty fine," Mason exclaimed.

"We are not to have any," the girl enlightened him. "I contributed it to Professor Macomber. I've been so much trouble to the poor man, it seems only right he should have a few specimens to recompense him."

"You ran across the professor?"

"He did not run across me. I really meant what I said about wanting to hunt—it seems to get in the blood down here and I thought I'd have a free day to do it, while the professor looked for me down there in the mission arroyo. Evidently, I magnified my own importance. He wasted no time going after his big game. I did not know he was within a dozen miles when I stalked a band of rams and sent them skedaddling right over his head, where he was hidden. But I made such good time out of there that I don't think he could have seen me. It was on my way down that I glimpsed Captain Bill."

For two more days the girl's party remained in its hidden camp, expecting momentarily the return thru on the camino of the professor and the captain. But when the expectation proved unfounded, the girl herself ventured forth on a reconnoissance. She found the mission deserted and not many hours thereafter her party occupied it.

CHAPTER X.

THE hole which Captain Bill Haworth and Macomber had discovered was neither a large nor a deep one, but one which, by its concise outlines, plainly had been dug with absolute foreknowledge of where it should be placed. A little to the left of the place of the ancient altar, its position could only have been determined by careful measurement from the old walls. The excavation was three feet wide at the top by two across and ran down in those dimensions, until suddenly, three feet below the surface, it narrowed rapidly to a rounded hole, surrounded by packed earth, which showed that a circular object had been taken out.

"Padre gold!" Captain Bill exclaimed, as he dashed for the hole after his first sight of it. Yet, as he looked there appeared none of that satisfaction which is the inevitable right of the "I told you so" person and he appeared troubled as he examined the evidence that here, in the short two days since his party had left this pot, had been unearthed some hidden momento from older times.

Calmer than the captain, Macomber made a more thoro examination of the evidence. It was he who called attention to the roundness of the hole and the

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"Used a native jar as container, yet they never are supposed to be particularly enduring. Does it strike you that the padres would have been that careless with their gold or that such a jar would have lasted one hundred and fifty years?" he asked.

But at Captain Haworth's demand, "What else could it be?" he was silent thru lack of even a conjecture. Nor had he any plausible objection to the captain's immediate surmise that this was the work of Miss Constance Cranford. Indeed no other supposition occurred to him until he halted in the midst of saying, "I guess this clears Pedro," to add, "Could it be possible that peon did this before we caught him?"

Bill Haworth looked up in astonishment that rapidly gave place to suspicion.

"That hombre had her box, whatever is in it. And we haven't searched his stuff, we don't know what else he may have."

In a manner that brooded ill for the guide, Captain Bill scrambled to his feet. But he was restrained by the younger, more unemotional man.

"If we accuse Pedro of this he will deny it stoutly. Bring him here without previous intimation and let's watch his face. We will let him suppose all our suspicion has vanished."

Tho contrary to the best principles of his system of force first with the natives, Captain Bill fell in with the suggestion. Pedro was liberated and informed that they had decided his story was true. A little surprise appeared in the man's face, surprise that he could not know was in itself suspicious.

"Help Enrique and the boy bring the stuff up, we are going to camp again by the old mission," instructed Captain Bill, who had released him, turning back to the little land shelf upon which set the ancient ruins, which Macomber had not left. The two men took positions advantageous to a view of the interior of the mission, but in which they could not be seen.

Pedro fell to with alacrity. He really was a good guide and camp man, directing the less proficient natives in the handling of the duffle. But the watchers observed that he took the first opportunity to visit the old church. The Mexican, by peering about, had assured himself that he was not observed. Yet all eyes in the party might have been openly upon him, to his advantage, in the astonishment with which he discovered the hole beside the ancient altar. Muttering under his breath exclamations in his native tongue, the man ran for the hole the instant he saw it, abandoning caution. There he made as minute an examination as had his American predecessors.

Sitting on the edge of the excavation following his investigation, Pedro scratched his head in the manner of men to whom concentration is a difficulty. He remained thus so long that the observers grew tired of their task and slipped quietly away to the camp site outside, where they could take up the new problem which their discovery had forced upon them. Captain Bill voiced their mutual conviction by saying:

"It was the girl, all right. Must have been her who killed those mountain sheep for you. I wouldn't have thought any girl could do it, but she seems to have us all guessing. Don't suppose that Lord Chauncey caught up with her and has been helping do you."

Quite frankly, Macomber answered from the heart of a sorely tried game collector:

"I am tired of supposing in this matter. First, this young woman intrudes herself into my existence by bribing away my guide. Then you obtrude her upon me by your—it now develops—unfounded fears, Captain Haworth, and I waste two weeks in migrating several hundred miles over deserts and mountain trail. I see but one way to avoid utter ruin of the expedition upon which I came to Lower California—that is to forget that any American young woman is anywhere on the peninsula. You have, at least, directed me to a fine hunting ground. There are mountain sheep here and I caught signs of antelope out on the Llanos. This girl has shown she can take care of herself. It is time that I got back to my mutton, literally speaking."

Quixotic Captain Bill regarded the young scientist with astonishment in which he took no pains to conceal that disgust was largely mingled.

"Would you leave an undefended young countrywoman wandering about this wild land with no one knows how much padre gold in her possession to make her doubly alluring to every potential bandit on the peninsula, which means every male native of active age?" he inquired, cuttingly.

"I will not leave her in such a condition, because it is my own conviction she did not get padre gold," the professor answered, retaining control of his temper. "The priests did not bury gold in such earthenware jars as was dug up in there, according to what legends I collected before I came to Lower California. Moreover, no one will know what she has found. She must have been carefully eluding us; this has been no series of coincidences; you're not seeing her on your trip south, my hunting experience, the digging here after we left and quick disappearance of the digger. Frankly, Captain Bill, I think you are wasting concern where none is needed."

As Macomber spoke Pedro drifted out of the old church ruins, his face assuming a foolishly guilty look as he was seen, and disappeared toward the former camp for another load of duffle. The men paid little attention to him. They were embarked upon an argument that continued, with interruptions incident to the making of camp, for nearly two hours and which made them oblivious of the fact that the time for the noon meal had sped by unobserved. Macomber was inflexible in his refusal longer to becloud the objects which had brought him to Lower California; Haworth sarcastic over the inhumanness of the scientific spirit.

It was the appearance of Alfredo, Macomber's youthful mozo, which put an end to the discussion and a realization of the fleeting of time. Alfredo, tho silent in words, spoke eloquently in appearance of some exciting event. He was even more bedraggled than was customary and his face and hands were badly scratched. Fear spoke loudly on his face.

"What is the matter," Macomber said in English, but Captain Haworth, speaking in Spanish and more quickly realizing the import of this appearance, asked:

"Where is that Pedro?"

"He is gone," answered the boy.

"Gone?"

"Si, senor."

"Gone where?"

"I not know. He tied me up and tie Enrique up and then he go. He take the horses with him?"

Hurried investigation disclosed the truth of the report. The released Enrique could add few details. Pedro was gone, with him not only his own two horses, but also Captain Bill's mount. A good camping outfit had likewise disappeared and most significant of all, the tin box of mystery was also missing.

"The skunk can't have come north or he would have had to pass the mission. He must be going south. Will you help me catch this horse thief, Mr. Professor?"

"I'll help you by letting you take the riding mule you were instrumental in making it possible for me to buy and also a burro, of course. Really, Captain, I can't abandon my profession any longer."

There was no time now to waste in arguments with a man whom the pioneer realized intended to stand pat. In a short half-hour, Captain Bill was on his way south, leaving Macomber with his mozos to the hunting he so craved.

CHAPTER XI.

THE interest which Miss Constance Cranford displayed in the old Jesuit mission of Santa Maria was slight, in the estimation of Tom Mason, considering the trouble which she had been to in arriving here. This mission was one founded on a fund given by a Spanish noblewoman to establish such institutions in the three most inaccessible places in the world. That it still qualifies in that class any traveler who has penetrated over the half-lost caminos of Lower California, which are in places only exceedingly difficult "ways thru" for man and beast, will not dispute. But Miss Cranford raised her eyebrows a little in expressive distaste at the ruins she found here and looked with distinctly greater interest upon the waving palms of the beckoning arroyo wash below the little shelf of land.

"Let us camp down there," she said. "I am sure we'll find both hot and cold springs. Won't it be fine to have enough water not to feel guilty every time one washes one's hands."

That there had been recent campers here was plain and Mason remarked upon the fact that the shelf had suited those who had gone before them, Macomber and Captain Haworth.

"All the more reason for avoiding it," reasoned the girl. "They may come back suddenly and discover us."

She made no attempt to see if the ruins had been disturbed and Mason, who had entertained the same idea of hidden padre gold that animated every peninsula dweller who eerv heard of a strange American heading for one of the old missions, felt distinctly aggrieved. But after camp was made he found diversion in the sudden interest which the girl showed in immediate hunting.

"Some fresh meat would taste find and, incidently, I would like to get one of those mountain sheep heads of my own," she suggested. "Let's both start out. We can have a long afternoon's hunting yet. We'll go in different directions."

"I'm tired, miss," Mason objected. "Do you mind if I just lazy around camp?"

He did not propose to be sent out of the way on any such trivial excuse as this. But the readiness with which the girl consented and herself started to climb the hills alone, began to allay his suspicions. When the rancher had, during her absence, carefully gone about the ancient mission and assured himself that the previous visitors could have done nothing but peacefully camp there, he was willing to tell himself that he was an old woman full of foolish notions.

The return of the girl long before sundown, to summon help in bringing in a young ram she had killed, was final certainty that she had not been attempting to practice deceit upon him. On her start the following morning Mason was a ready companion. The hunting fever was getting into his blood, too.

"I always heard this was a great place for sheep," the fair Nimrod exclaimed as they set forth. "Since I was a little girl I have dreamed of hunting here."

Mason was surprised.

"I didn't reckon many little American girls ever heard of Lower California, let alone its lonesomest mission," he ventured to expostulate.

"Perhaps I was different than most of them." Miss Cranford remarked thoughtfully.

"I reckon you was," the ranchman agreed. "You are now. I never saw a girl and mighty few boys that could get over this sort of going the way you do. Seems like you was born to it."

"Perhaps trained to it, instead of born to it," she laughed back. "Or may be trained for it."

Sheep were sighted soon after the summits were reached and Mason went on a stalking expedition in one direction while the girl turned toward another. The rancher, perhaps hardly keen for the sport and heedless of the extreme care which is necessary to approach within range of a bighorn, had no success, getting not even one fair shot. He soon wearied of the hot exertion, than which there is none more difficult or trying, and rested awhile. With the rest came opportunity for wonder as to what luck his companion was having and from that, since he had caught no glimpse of her nor heard her

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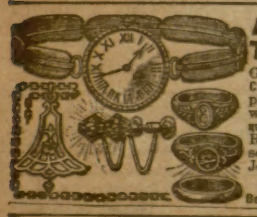

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rifle, to a remembrance of his suspicion of the previous day that possibly she was not hunting at all. Her avoidance of the old mission which she had traveled so far to visit, was a constant source of puzzlement to the man.

By dint of telling himself that he would gradually work back toward camp in his hunting, Mason convinced himself that he really was not bound on a spying expedition as he turned his face away from the direction he had essayed to explore in search of game. But as he drew down, over the rock-strewn hillsides to the ancient buildings, he abandoned all such spacious sophistries and detoured to bring himself to the fallen walls from the rear.

It was well that he used such caution, for his first peep over the ruins showed him a surprising development there. He glimpsed the same excavation that so astonished Haworth and Macomber a day later. But of him was not required even the slight speculation as to the digger which was to bother the other two men later, for beside the hole sat its maker. Miss Constance Cranford was seated on the pile of earth. Beside her was a smashed earthenware jug such as the Indians have made from the days that the mission fathers taught them to bake clay.

The girl was not fingering over the wealth of ancient priests which Mason expected to see. What the contents of the jar had been was not disclosed to him, with the exception of one object. This was a small book of worn leather binding, in which the girl was so absorbed that she took no notice of the head peering over the old wall at her.

Mason hesitated and pondered this matter. He was genuinely hurt that his sincere attempts to assist Miss Cranford, which had really been actuated by a liking for the girl rather than for the lure of generous wages, should not have been repaid with a greater showing of confidence on her part. It was this sensitiveness in the hardy American which prevented his crawling over the wall to surprise the girl beside her excavation and make some sort of an explanation from her imperative.

For half an hour the two remained on opposite sides of the old stone church wall, the girl unaware of the man's presence, the man debating over what his action should be. It was foreign to his frank, open nature, to seek to enforce confidence where none was vouchsafed and eventually this trait won over a considerable inclination to put an end, right here and now, to the mystery with which Miss Cranford surrounded herself. Mason retraced his steps up into the hills and eventually returned to the camp in the arroyo by a circuitous route.

It was only midafternoon when the rancher reached the headquarters of the party. The Mexican *mozos*, partly because of superstitious fear of the old mission, partly thru native indolence, had not left the camp. Mason followed their example of enjoying semi-languorous repose until the evening shadows, which came early in this spot because of the encircling mountains, began to fall. He was wondering whether the girl would return the way she had gone, with some tale of escaped game or perhaps with another sheep to be sent for, when she appeared, coming without evasion straight from the direction of the ruins.

LIKE most big men who have a grain of sensitiveness, Mason was ashamed of what he regarded as his softness. He sought to dissimulate any trace of it in his manner by affecting a gayety that was new in the girl's experience of him. More than once, as a consequence, she eyed him in wonder that he did fail to notice, but which he took to be an unspoken question of whether her deception of the day had been noticed.

Despite Mason's spirited account of his missing the sheep and his loss of enthusiasm for the hunt, the girl was pensive during the evening meal, which she invariably ate with the rancher, an honor she had not accorded her previous guide. At last, when only the fire illuminated the scene and the Mexicans had retired to their pallets beneath palms some distance away, the girl spoke of the subject which had been uppermost in the man's mind.

"I did not get a bighorn today, but I got bigger game," she said.

Determined that any revelations must come entirely from the girl, so proud was his spirit, Mason merely replied:

"Mountain lion?"

"Bigger than that, to me. Game I have been after all my life. But I did not shoot it on top of the ground. I dug it up out of the ground."

Sitting tensely, Mason yet contrived to maintain his poise by jocularly saying:

"Wasn't a woodcock, was it? No, reckon not, that's one pest this country ain't got."

"You must have known, Mr. Mason, that I did not come here simply to hunt mountain sheep, like our mutual acquaintance, Professor Macomber. You thought, I presume, I was after some of the treasure of which there are so many rumors in this region and you have been most considerate in not trying to learn what my object really was."

She turned her luminous eyes full upon him and the man could only answer awkwardly:

"It warn't none of my business."

"Most men would have tried to make it some of their business," she commented. "I dug up the floor of the old mission altar today, while I pretended to be hunting, Mr. Mason. You will forgive me the deception."

"It warn't none of my business," Mason repeated. It was the only thing he could think of to say, for the man was not accustomed to the confidences of pretty girls, resentful tho he might be when they were not given.

"I want you to know about it just the same. Unless it will bore you to hear my story, which is rather a long one, I fear. It was made longer by what I found today. Do you think it would interest you?"

"Mighty much," he confessed.

"Then listen. I did not find any priest's gold over there beneath the old church, which I supposed is what you must conceive I came for. I did not expect to find any." She hesitated. "Perhaps it would be more honest to say I knew there was no reason to expect to find any treasure, altho I really always have wondered if I would not. But grandfather was very positive in saying that there was none."

"Grandfather!" The slow-thinking rancher had difficulty in gathering the threads of this narrative.

"Yes. What I found today and what I call big game, was the journal of my grandfather, Phineas Cranford, who was a visitor to this country long before you were born, Mr. Mason. He came first with the New York Volunteers who seized Lower California in the Mexican War. He had to go away then, but came back very soon in the gold rush to California, traversed the peninsula and worked a year in the Sacramento placers, away up there in the State of California. Then he came back, with what he thought a fortune, saying that he traveled this way because he knew it best. But I found today there was another reason. Anyway, he stayed in Lower California until 1856, when the hatred of all Americans, which was engendered by Walker's Filibusters, forced him to leave. He took none of the Alta California fortune away with him."

"And he didn't bury it here?" Mason was still bewildered at this piling up of romantic history. The American invasion, the passing of the gold hunters, the ravishing of Walker's Filibusters were to him but dim myths of the country he lived in, not the living facts they appeared to the girl.

"No, he didn't bury it here, nor anywhere else, I guess, after reading his journal today. He never hinted that he left a treasure here, indeed he was very positive in asserting he did not. I remember him so well, a garrulous old man, nearly 90, when I was a little girl. I was a horrid disappointment to him, he wanted a grandson.

"I guess I was a disappointment to dad for the same reason, perhaps, but my father never said so. He wanted a son, but he made the best of matters by adopting me as his boy. I had sisters, but I was his companion. That is why I

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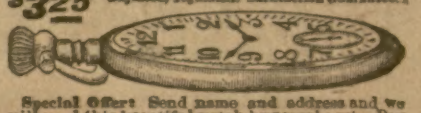


Special Offer! Send name and address and we will send this beautiful watch by parcel post. Pay $3.25 and watch is yours. Owing to advancing prices this offer for limited time only. Free—A gold plated chain and charm. FISHLEIGH WATCH CO., Dept. 120, Chicago, Ill.

Reward for Every Answer!

THIS IS A GENUINE ADVERTISEMENT BY A RELIABLE CONCERN

At the right you see 12 sets of mixed up letters that can be made into 12 names of cities in the United States. Example: No. 1 spells NEW YORK. Now try to give all and be rewarded.

PRIZE SENT IMMEDIATELY TO YOU Write names on a postcard or in a letter. Mention whether your age is under or over 17 (so we may send suitable prize) and write your name with address plainly. You need not send a cent of your money now or later! This is a genuine offer. You and every other person who sends in the names will receive a prize of equal value yet which may become worth $1000 to you within three months! Lose no time. Answer this NOW and see what you get. Address:

Give Correct Names of Cities

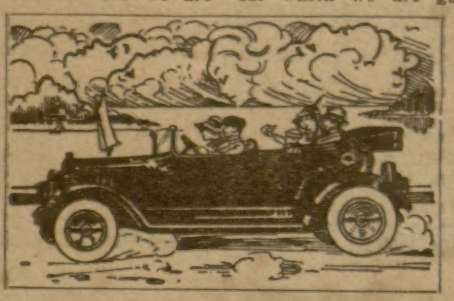
1. WEN YROK	7. BFFULOA
2. MPHEMIS	8. ANTLTAA
3. ERITODT	9. USNOHTO
4. LOETOD	10. SBONOT
5. COGHACI	11. RALDPOTN
6. NERVDE	12. MELABTIRO

GOLDEN RAVEN CO., 441 So. Boulevard, GA-178 NEW YORK, N.Y.

Write Quick!—Auto Free!

WE ARE just starting a new contest for a new five passenger touring car which is open to a few of our friends. Those who write us at once can enter the contest. Answer this now so you can get your auto free.

This picture shows a happy family driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In the scenery are six partly hidden faces. Can you find them? Try it. If you do, we will give you a beautiful



Free Surprise Present for Solving Puzzle

When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out this advertisement and mail it to us and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., and the beautiful free surprise present which we will send you. It will be a surprise to you and you will delight in owning this present.

AUTO GIVEN AWAY— SOLVE PUZZLE QUICK!

We will also make you a present of a certificate good for 2,000 free auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are going to give away free. Also valuable jewelry, silverware, bicycles, dishes, cameras, moving picture machines and other things you like, without contest. Things for every man, woman, boy or girl who enter the contest. We will also send you a copy of two different national publications.

No Losers If Quick

This contest is the greatest and most liberal contest ever offered. Everyone gets prizes. Everyone pleased. Write your name and address plainly and inclose four cents in stamps with your answer, for packing, mailing, etc., of your free surprise present.

Auto Puzzle Dept. 9, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

can do things now that you think so strange—camp and hunt and look out for myself in wild company. He taught me.

"Grandfather used to say, sometimes, when he completed a tale of his wild youth, 'Conny, maybe you'll have a son some day that can go down there in Lower California and hit my old trail again. I'd like mightily to have a Cranford go there some day.' Father used to frown on such remarks, but I think that was what it was that put it into his head to give me grandfather's old papers—maps and things and the document by which I located the journal, buried up there in the mission.

"When father gave them to me I said, 'This may mean a fortune to the Cranford's,' but he immediately told me not to get any such notion, that grandfather had been explicit in declaring that whoever came down here to dig up his old journal and 'look around' as he called it, probably would get nothing but experience for it, that he he had not been burying gold anywhere and he didn't want any one getting such an idea.

"But despite that, I did have such a notion, I guess I must confess. If it had not been that the journal I did find is such a treasure in itself, I would be hugely disappointed.

"I must tell you how my ancestor came to bury it here. When he was forced to leave the country in a hurry, because of the withdrawal of Walker's Filibusters, with whom he had been friendly, he nearly perished south of here on what he called the Llanos. He had to abandon most of his outfit. He had a feeling that he would not get out of this country alive and I think must have had the same romantic streak that seems to be appearing in me. Anyhow, he wanted to leave some record for his family in the United States, his brothers, for that was long before he ever met my grandmother.

"So he carefully buried his journal up there beneath where the old mission altar once stood. It was wrapped up with directions in Spanish and English, asking that it be sent to his brother, whose address at the old New York home was given. In the journal grandfather says that the brother might send a son for it some time, but that he was sure it would eventually be found, because treasure hunters must some day stumble upon it. But they had not, in seventy years. I am the one to find it."

She paused. Mason was too dazed by her rapid flow of words to find comment and the girl continued:

"I didn't read the journal part, but only the last message which grandfather wrote, explaining and summarizing his life down here. I'll read that to you, if you'd like, unless you would rather sleep."

"Sleep! I won't sleep at all if you don't," Mason honestly ejaculated.

Nothing can be more interesting than any old-time historical document that has been withheld from the public light for years and years. Small wonder, then, that the genial ranchman was willing to forego his needed sleep to listen to a veteran's account of his experiences in our well-nigh forgotten war with Mexico. We can assure Ledger readers that they, too, will be highly entertained, as the departed soldier of the '40s had much to disclose in his long hidden communication. The story takes on new interest in its next installment, in next week's Ledger.

Brute Power

NATURE'S
STRONG MAN
IS THE MAN WITH
FRESH, RED BLOOD

The stomach is the center of the body from which radiates our vitality, strenuosity, our fighting strength. A healthy stomach turns the food we eat into nourishment for the blood stream and the nerves. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery refreshes and tones up the stomach walls. Removes the poisonous gases from the system.

The first day you start to take this reliable medicine, impure germs and accumulations begin to separate in the blood and are then expelled through the liver, bowels and kidneys. Get Dr. Pierce's

Golden Medical Discovery

to-day from any medicine dealer; it is a powerful blood purifier and tonic. Put your body into healthy activity. All the organs working naturally—and you can avoid grip and colds.

Bellepoint, W. Va.—"It affords me great pleasure to have the privilege to make public this statement in behalf of Dr. Pierce's medicines. I cannot recommend them too highly to the public. We have used them in our family for years and have reaped good results. We have always found the 'Golden Medical Discovery' superior to any other tonic, as it is a wonderful system builder. I can cheerfully recommend it."—E. J. CARPER.

Send 10c to Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial pkg.

WANTED—30,000 BOYS TO MAKE MONEY

WE HAVE 30,000 boys who sell our great papers—The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. Thousands of them earn from $1.00 to $5.00 a week. People in every town and R. F. D. know our great papers and we have received thousands of letters from people asking the name of the local agent so they could buy the papers from them. We want 30,000 more agents, so that there will be an agent in every town and R. F. D. route, and to get them we have a wonderful new plan which gives our agents cash profits on every paper they sell and

VALUABLE PREMIUMS FREE In addition to big profits on every paper you sell we give you valuable premiums free. When you start we send you a premium catalog from which you can select the premiums you want.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED We show you when you start just where to get customers, how to sell the papers, and just what to do. No town or R. F. D. route is too small to sell our papers in. Thousands of our agents in the smallest towns and R. F. D. routes are making the biggest money every week.

NO RISK Remember, you can't lose anything. You only pay for the papers after you have sold them. We send the papers so that they come to you on Fridays. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman, and boy. We show you just how to build up a route of regular customers that means steady profits every week.

IT IS EASY TO GET STARTED TODAY

but you must hurry, for the agencies are being grabbed up quickly by boys. It takes no money to start. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit absolutely free and your first week's supply of papers.

W. D BOYCE CO., DEPT. 3, 512 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. No. .....

Town..... State.....

I accept the agency for your 3 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. If I qualify, it is understood you pay my expense of joining the Lone Scouts of America if I want to join. Also tell me how to get the valuable premiums.

For Ledger Girls and Boys

Bedtime.

FAR away I hear the robin singing;
In the west the shadows gather fast;
All around are little voices springing,
And the drowsy day is done at last.

Mother soon will come and, bending o'er me,
As the early stars begin to show—
Come and say—her smiling face before me—
"Old Earth nods and soon to rest will go.

"Robin yonder in the wood is saying:
'Night is here—good night, good night, good night;'
Daisies fold their hands, in slumber swaying;
Heedless moths are circling round the light."

Stars above, like angels' eyes, are blinking,
When on mother's breast I lay my head;
While of them, in Heaven above, I'm thinking,
Morning comes—and there I am in bed!

Kitty Kingfisher.

WHILE I don't have quite as much blue in my dress as that noisy husband of mine, people say I'm every bit as pretty. In fact, from the way he took on when he courted me, he must think I'm prettier. For one thing, I keep my long head feathers neater than he does; but in most ways, we are very much alike, particularly when we get to discussing the best place for the nest, then we both talk so loud and fast that neither one hears a word the other says. But in the end, I generally have my way, and the nest goes where I thought it ought. Speaking of the nest, we don't build in trees, but in a bank, right near the water, for there's where we get our living, you know.

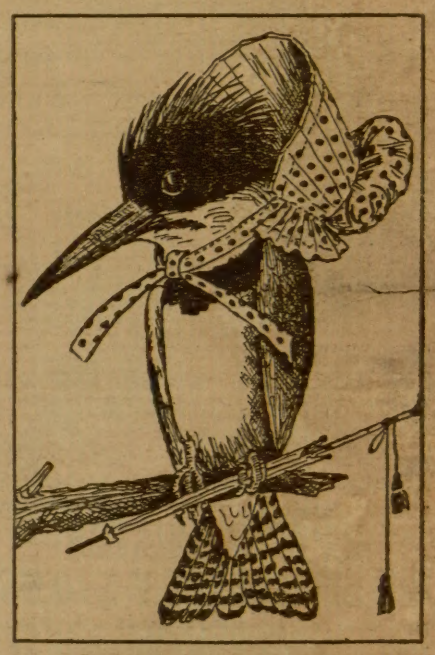
When we have decided on a place, both of us work, turn about digging out a round hole about ten or fifteen inches deep, straight in the clay, and when we think it is deep enough, we dig down, and make the cutest little round nursery you ever saw. We don't take the trouble to make a soft cradle for the babies when they hatch, for we don't believe in soft beds for children. We think they are healthier if they sleep on a hard, stickly one, so we get all the old fish-bones and fish scales we can find, and make the mattress of that. And if the children find it uncomfortable, they never say so, as all their time is taken up crying for something to eat. I tell you we have a time keeping their stomachs halfway full, as I don't believe a young kingfisher ever got so full, but what it could eat some more.

As soon as their eyes are open in the morning, they start in begging for breakfast, and then on until dinnertime, they are fussing about something between meals, and from dinner to supper it is the same thing. Some days when it is stormy, and fishing is poor, we have to carry them nearly everything we catch, and the consequence is, we go to bed hungry. But we are willing to do almost anything to have a little peace in the family. But, never mind, just wait about a year from now, when they have babies of their own, then maybe they will appreciate what we have done for them.

And even when they have left the nest, and are nearly as big as we are, they follow us about, get in the way, hold their bills wide open, and beg to be fed, instead of trying to catch something for themselves—but I suppose all parents have their troubles, so I oughtn't to complain.

Aside from the children, that sky-blue husband, who was a bridegroom not three months ago, is sometimes a great trial. He gets me so nervous, that I feel like plunging under the water and staying there for good—if I were right sure he would be sorry, I believe I'd do it. It's like this: He thinks the river for a mile up and down from the nest, actually belongs to him, as if he had bought and paid for it, and if a fisherman happens along with his rod on his shoulder, Biggity (that's my husband's given name), screams at him something awful. He will light on a snag over the water, as near as he dares go, and shaking his head until every feather in his crest looks as if it is going to come out, he uses language to that man, such as I hope you will never hear. The man pays not the slightest attention to him, and goes on with his fishing, and when he gets ready to go on down the river, Biggity follows along, abusing and brow-beating him, until he is out of hearing. After the man has gone, and things have quieted down, here comes Biggity flying up the river, with the biggest tale you ever heard, about how brave he was, what he told the man, and all that.

And he gets as mad as fury, if I don't drop everything and listen to his bragging, as if I wasn't right there and saw it all. It is the same way if another kingfisher, on his way down the river, stops just long enough to snatch a minnow, Biggity will fly right at the stranger, and drive him off. Not a very nice way to treat a visitor, I should say, but that is the way he always does. And all the time he is at it, he keeps up a rattling and a squawking, that in comparison, would make the din from a boiler factory sound like the notes of a hermit thrush at eventide. But when it comes to scientific fishing, I must say, I have never seen his equal. He will sit on a limb over the water, for the longest time without moving a feather, and one that did not know him, would think he was asleep. When all of a sudden he will fall off that limb, hit the water with a splash, and disappear, and in a few seconds up he comes with a fish in his bill. About the only time he is really of any help to me is when the nest has to be dug out, and then he will do just exactly half the work, but not one bit more.



CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

AMERICA'S GREATEST FORTUNES HAVE been made in the moving picture business. Small investment needed. We furnish complete theatre equipment. Easy payments. Openings everywhere. Catalog free. Dept. 600, Monarch Theatre Supply Co., 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODE-stone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROY-alty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

PHOTO FINISHING

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER; YOUR NEXT kodak film developed 5c—prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 1891 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANY-one for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis.

FOR SALE

TYPEWRITERS FOR SALE. REAL BAR-gains. Trial and payments. Write to Josephine Yotz, Shawnee, Kansas.

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

MEN

GET GOVERNMENT JOBS. $110 MONTH. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 6, Rochester, N. Y.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

OIL GAUGE FOR FORDS. REMARKABLE new invention. Sells on sight. Big profits, easy. Exclusive distributors wanted. Address Sales Mgr., 814 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

AGENTS WANTED

WE WANT MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE desirous of making $25.00 to $200.00 per week clear profit from the start in a permanent business of their own. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Fastest selling article ever sold through agents. Free samples make sales easy. Enormous repeat orders. 300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for free sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 310, 1308-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

BIG PROFITS. FAST SALES. EVERY woman needs Hawkins high grade toilet and household necessities. Complete line. Highest quality and popular prices make sales everywhere. Unlimited opportunity. Make 100% profit and build big paying, constantly increasing repeat business. Write today. Colonial Chemical Company, 631R Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Penn.

AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 500 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

MEN AND WOMEN, MAKE BIG MONEY from now until holidays selling the famous Bobby Rag Doll. Nothing ever like it—13 inches high, richly decorated. One look and a sure sale. Everybody is interested in toys. Few good territories still open. Salary and commissions. Send $1.00 for complete samples. Alexander Toy Co., Rauh Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

OUT-O-SITE PAT. ARTICLE HOLDER, that wonderfully new easy selling novelty, is now ready for the market; it's puzzling how it works; it will get any man's attention quickly; sells for 15c. Sample outfits direct from us upon receipt of 35c in stamps. The Pennsylvania Sales and Distributing Co., Berwick, Pa.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Continental Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia, Penn.

ONLY KITE WITH A PROPELLER—THE Kitership, the last word in kites. Put together and taken apart in two minutes. Size 32x42. Every boy a prospect. Boy agents wanted. Sample Kitership free. Gulliver & Martin, Inventors, 53 N. 54th St., Dept. B., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORT- ed 36x63 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. H. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH- ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

"PICTURE MAN FRIEDMAN" CLEARED $50,000 taking orders; he tells how in free circular "Profits in Portraits." Samples free. 24 hour service on prints, finished portraits, frames. Address "Picture Man Friedman," Dept. 1, 127 N. Dearborn, Chicago.

COIN MONEY SELLING NEVERWET shoulder strap waterproof aprons. Every woman buys. Best on market. We manufacture and ship direct. Get details today. A. T. Bergen Manufacturing Company, 413 Locust street, Philadelphia.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT. TWO coats in one. One side dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Not sold in stores. Big commission. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 109 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 sample fabrics free to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 572, Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—ARE MAKING 100% PROFIT selling our goods. Experience not necessary. It costs you nothing to start as we furnish you with free samples. Write today—quick—now. W. T. Startzman, 301 Hoffman St., Baltimore, Md.

MAKE $100 WEEKLY SELLING ROLLY'S Washday Wonder. New chemical dirt solvent. Harmless. Cleans without rubbing. Want agents and crew managers. Free samples and particulars. Rolly Chemical Co., K2, Hastings, Nebraska.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

BE SUCCESSFUL AGENT—FREE SAMPLE outfit, worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 220, Logansport, Ind.

AGENTS! 1921's GREATEST SENSATION. 11 piece toilet article set selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dress maker's shears free to each customer. Get lined up for Christmas rush. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 409, Chicago.

GENERAL AGENTS, TO APPOINT SUB- agents for newly patented burners. 200% profit. Users delighted. Address, Smokeless Lamp Burner Co., 35-B Graham, Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS—TEXE REMEDIES, 200%. INT'L Remedy Co., 1326 Franklin St., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

AGENTS: SELL OUR LEATHERETTE bags, rubber aprons and iron board covers. 100% profit for salesmen. Koenig Sales Co., 806 Carpenter Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

THE LARGEST 7 PIECE $1 COMBINATION ever offered agents for 30c. United Soap Works, 73 Park Place, New York.

BIG PROFITS EASY. DUPLEX TRANS- formers needed on every auto. Save gas. Easily sold. Exclusive distributors wanted. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 214 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

350% PROFIT, SELLING KLEANRITE Magic Clothes Washing Compound. Sells 25c. Profit 19c. Sample free. Bestever Products Co., 1941-B Irving Park, Chicago.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS MAKE 50c ON EVERY SHIRT YOU sell from manufacturer direct to wearer. Menzin Shirt Co., 3863 Third Ave., New York City.

AGENTS—EVERY WOMAN WANTS JOLLY- Molly house dresses. Big profits. No capital needed. Commission advanced. Domestic Products Co., 20 Davies Bldg., Dayton, O.

AGENTS — EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. Spare time work. Take orders men's shoes. We ship and collect. Quick Service Shoe, Albany Bldg., Boston, Mass.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR- ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

AGENTS—300% PROFIT SELLING RAPID Gas Lighters; samples, 10c. Rapid Mfg. Co., 10 E. 14th-st., New York.

AGENTS — FAST-SELLING HOUSEHOLD specialty; big profits; liberal terms. Write H. E. Bishop Co., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 1.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREAT- est dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

HELP WANTED

HERE'S A REAL BUSINESS FOR YOU. We'll start landscape, portrait, painting studio in your home, furnish outfit, materials and teach you to oil paint. No experience. Unusual opportunity. Booklet free. Tangley Co., 135 Main, Muscatine, Iowa.

MEN-WOMEN DESIRING RAILWAY MAIL and govt. clerk-carrier positions. Write for list positions and free particulars of examinations. Mokane Institute, 167 Denver, Colo.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

QUICK EASY MONEY OPERATING SALES corporation at home. Big manufacturers have opening now. $20 day assured beginners. Write Cherokee Sales Agency, Dept. B, Danville, Va.

HUNDREDS MEN-BOYS, OVER 17, WANT- ed as Government railway mail clerks. Commence $135 month. Steady. List positions free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. T 26, Rochester, N. Y.

BIG MONEY MADE SILVERING MIRRORS and plating tableware. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—1500 RAILWAY TRAFFIC IN- spectors; no experience; train for this profession thru spare time; home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get free booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

WANTED MEN — BECOME AUTOMOBILE experts. $35 week. Earn while learning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. T 404, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVES- tigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 886 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

LEARN TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT AT home. Positions assured. Catalogue free. Federal Railway Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

BE A DETECTIVE, OPERATE HOME TER- ritory or travel. Write Sturgill Detective Agency, Norton, Va.

BECOME DETECTIVES—BIG PAY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPENING THOSE DE- siring plain sewing machine work at home. No experience required. City, country. No canvassing. To prevent curiosity seekers send twelve cents, sample. Information. Good Wear Cloth Co., Asbury Park, N. J.

WANTED — GIRLS - WOMEN. BECOME dress designers. $135 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 505, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CHANCE FOR FORTUNES NEAR 10,000 barrel gusher in new Pierce Junction field. Let us submit our proposition on lots near field and in 5-mile radius of Houston's main business district. Own your ground, mineral rights and all. Easy terms. Good profit assured. Write Harris County Investment Co., 489 Commercial Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas. References: First National Bank. Salesmen wanted.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOU- sands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Souriako Texas Oil Co., 611 Dementl, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE MAP STRAWN FIELD, STEPHENS County, Texas. Great gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information. Schimmel Co., Suite 796, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

THIRTEEN CENTS DAILY FOR TEN months buys outright five acres Texas oil and mineral land that may be worth $100,000. Write Gulf Realty Company, 306 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

FIVE DOLLARS CINCHES DEED TO PROP- erty and interest in oil well. Write immediately for full particulars. M. F. Hinckley, 328 Beatty Bldg., Houston, Texas.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollett Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

BLOOD PRESSURE, DIZZINESS & IM- perfect breathing is due to poor elimination. Ed's Rochell Salt Compound Tablets will set you right. Best for liver and bowels, 10-25-50c. Address Andula Medicine Co., Troy, N. Y.

RATTLESNAKE OIL SURE CURE FOR deafness, dryness and ringing in the head. Minnie G. Scruggs, Nezperce, Idaho.

PILES — CURED OR NO PAY; $2.00 IF cured. Remedy sent on trial. Kuro Remedy Company, Kansas City, Mo.

MEDICAL ITEMS

HERB RECIPE BOOK 10c. WORTH $8. Teaches how to make medicines of all kinds from herbs. Over 250 recipes and herb secrets. Herbalist, Dept. B, Hammond, Ind.

NEW MEXICO FARM LANDS FOR SALE

A NEW FOLDER ABOUT THE NEW STATE of New Mexico is now ready. Full information regarding crops raised and land cost in irrigated sections of Pecos and Rio Grande Valleys, also farm lands in the plains country. Close to good markets. Mild climate and long growing season. You can buy at reasonable prices on favorable terms. New Mexico is adapted to all the grain crops and especially the bright peagreen alfalfa which produces abundantly and tops the market. Truck farming pays well. The fruit raised here is prime quality; it brings excellent prices. Apples, pears, peaches, cantaloupes and small fruits thrive under irrigation. If you want land and a home get this folder and see New Mexico this fall. Write C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 982 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LANDSEEKERS! ATTENTION! 20, 40, 80 acre tracts in Michigan. Rich, clay loam soil. $15 to $35 per acre. Small payment down, balance long time. Splendid opportunity to get a farm home. Write for free illustrated booklet. Swigart Land Co., X-1245, First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN $5 monthly buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $200. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

FORD ACCESSORIES

FORD COVER FOR CARBURETOR AND IN- take pipe, patented. Adds 25% more mileage and power. Put on any Ford motor in 2 minutes. Price $1.50. Special price in quantities. Air Friction Carburetor Co., 9105 Madison St., Dayton, Ohio.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG-WRITER'S BOOKLET FREE — A wonderful instructive booklet, "The Song-writer's Guide," sent absolutely free. Submit your latest song-poems. We write music, print, and secure copyright. The Metropolitan Studios, Room 212, 914 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

PATENTS

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

DOGS

HOUNDS, HOUNDS, FOR SALE. SPLENDID coon and possum hounds, all ages, good size, either sex and number one hunters. Will sell one or more of these fine hounds. If interested write for detail information. P. O. Box 14, Paris, Tenn.

FARM WANTED

FARM WANTED. SEND DESCRIPTION and price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down condition should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO- ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

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MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS. Many wealthy. Best, most successful, quickest results; write, be convinced. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

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SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI- Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PIC- tures and descriptions of beautiful ladies sent free to any one upon request. Address Prof. Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

OSAGE MATRIMONIAL CLUB. LADIES free membership for thirty days. Send picture and self description to Box 1227, Pawhuska, Okla.

LONESOME? HUNDREDS SEEKING MAT- rimony. Write today for free information enclosing stamp. Harmony Club, 944 Montana St., Chicago.

MARRY — GIRL, 19, WORTH $45,000; widow, 29, worth $61,000; hundreds wealthy. Photos—introductions. Descriptions free. Sunflower Club, B-40, Cimarron, Kansas.

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MARRY, BEST, LARGEST, ESTABLISHED 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANT- ing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

SECRET OF SUGGESTION. ATTAIN YOUR desires. Control thoughts of others. Course $1. Particulars free. Prof. Ferado, 1941 W. Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio.

MARRY! MANY WEALTHY, CONGENIAL members. Descriptions sent. Ladies' membership free. H-Box 1147, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

MARRY WEALTHY. YOU CAN. OTHERS do. Confidential. Free International Messenger, Box 3099, Jacksonville, Florida.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY, SEND dime for copy "The Masterkey." P. O. Box 1586, Denver, Colo.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE- scriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA- per published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

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MARRY RICH—PAPER WITH NAMES, AD- dresses, descriptions, pictures, 25c. Sent sealed. Box 1511-B, Memphis, Tenn.

LONELY-HEARTS WRITE BETTY LEE, 28 East Bay street, Room 19, Jacksonville, Florida. Stamp.

ATTRACTIVE MAIDEN, 19, OF CONSIDER- able wealth, will marry. Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

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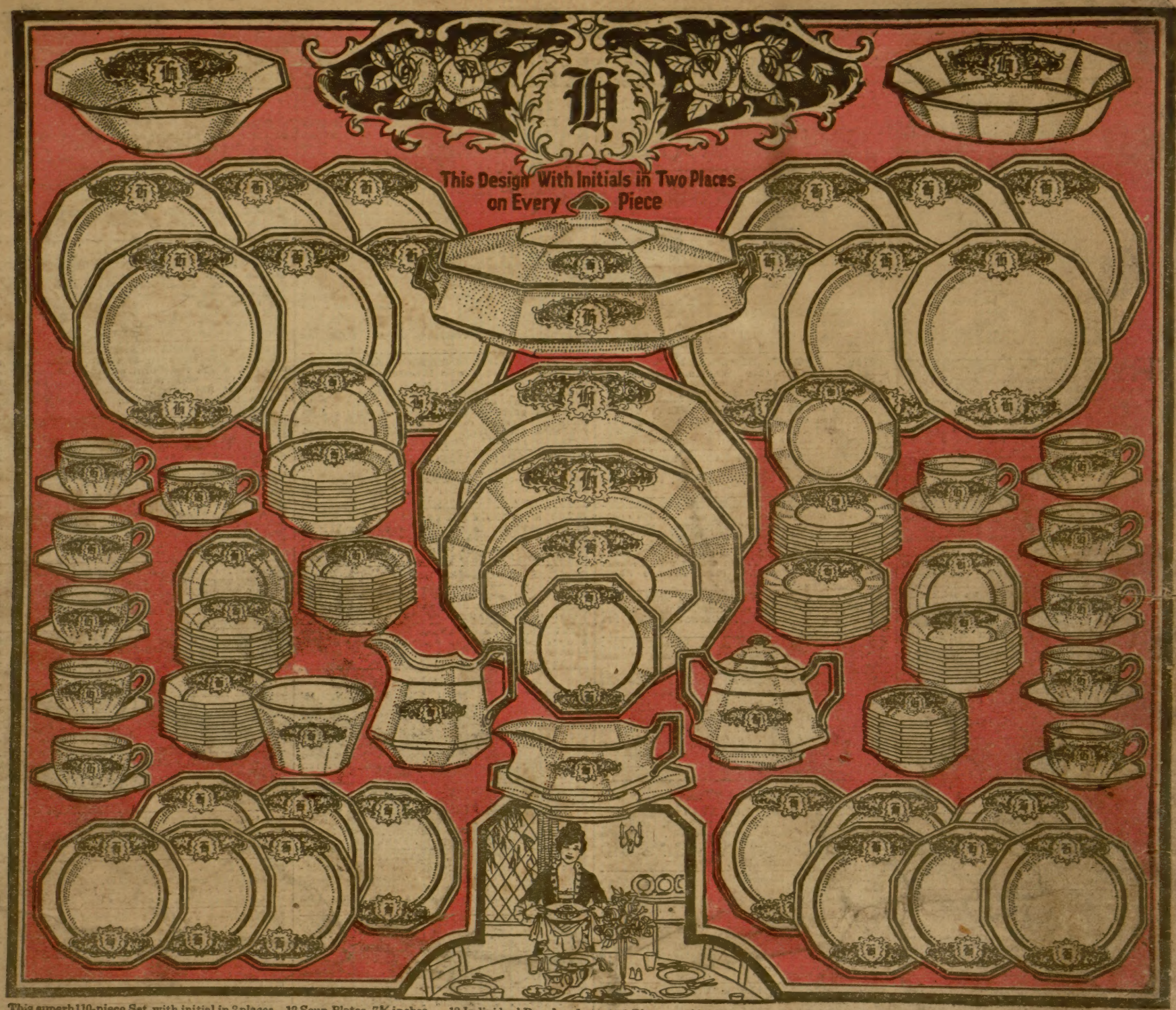
BUSINESS MAN WORTH $40,000 WANTS wife. P-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.



This superb 110-piece Set, with initial in 2 places in wreath with 5-color decorations on every piece, and gold covered handles, consists of:
12 Dinner Plates, 9 inches
12 Breakfast Plates, 7 inches
12 Soup Plates, 7¾ inches
12 Cups
12 Saucers
12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches
12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6¾ inches
12 Fruit Dishes—5¾ inches
1 Platter, 13⅛ inches
1 Platter, 11¾ inches
1 Celery Dish, 8¾ inches
1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7¾ inches
1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10¾ inches with lid (2 pieces)
1 Deep Bowl, 8¾ inches
1 Oval Baker, 9 inches
1 Small Deep Bowl, 5 inches
1 Gravy Boat, 7¾ inches
1 Creamer
1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

$1 Brings this 110-piece Gold Decorated Martha Washington Dinner Set

Hartman wants you to put this superb gold decorated, initialed Dinner Set on your own table on *free trial*. Only by actually seeing the beautiful, famous **Martha Washington pattern** can you realize how wonderful it is. Send only $1 and we ship the full set—110 pieces in all. Use the dishes 30 days. Then if you are not so delighted that you would not part with them, return the set and we will refund your $1 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, **take nearly a year to pay** on our easy terms. Send coupon.

Your Initial in 2 Places on Every Piece—5-Color Floral Decorations and Gold

Wonderful artistic effect is given not only by the new and attractive shape of every dish, but by the rich design surrounding the initial. The one initial with these superb decorations of scrolls, leaves and roses in natural colors, put on by special fired process, appears in two places on every piece. As handsome as enameling you see on fine jewelry.

Important

Hartman guarantees that every piece in this set is absolutely first quality. Don't confuse these with "seconds" or "run of kiln" dishes which show imperfections. This is a standard or "open" pattern. Replacement pieces can be had of us for three years.

All Handles Covered with Gold

Every handle is covered with polished gold such as you see on the most costly imported dishes. The ware itself is beautiful, lustrous, snowy white and besides the initial, floral decoration and gold covered handles every piece has two border lines as a finishing touch. No other pattern to equal the famous "Martha Washington." A set you will be proud to display before your guests. Elegant, refined, artistic and yours now at a bargain price. And all the dishes you need—110 of them—yours, first on free trial—then easy payments. Shipped on **30 days' free trial** direct from our Chicago warehouse. Shipping weight about 90 lbs. You must not miss this opportunity. Mail the coupon today.

Order No. 324CCMA13. Bargain price, $32.85. Pay $1 now. Balance $3 monthly.

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

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3913 Wentworth Ave.
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